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The Derwentwater Insurrection.

Part II.—The Collapse.

THE combined forces of Kenmure and Forster, having been apprised that a detachment of Mar's army had been sent across the Firth of Forth to join them, crossed the Tweed, and directed their march towards Kelso, which had been appointed as the place of junction. The Earl of Mar, commander-in-chief of the rebels in Scotland, sent upon this mission towards the Borders a body of picked men, to the number of 2,500, including the Mackintoshes, the Farquharsons, and the greater part of the regiments of Lords Strathmore and Nairn, Lord Charles Murray, and Drummond of Logie Drummond—the whole under the command of Brigadier Mackintosh of Borlum, a veteran of zeal, experience, and intrepidity. After various bold exploits, one of which was a threatened attack upon Edinburgh, which caused great alarm, Mackintosh marched southward through the wilds of Lammermoor, and on the 22nd of October, 1715, joined the forces of Lord Kenmure and Mr. Forster at Kelso, which had been hurriedly evacuated by the Government militia and volunteers. The combined forces of the insurgents, when mustered in Kelso, were found to amount to 600 horse and 1,400 foot.

The day of their arrival was entirely spent in appropriate religious exercises. Orders were given by Viscount Kenmure, who commanded when in Scotland, that the troops should attend divine service in the magnificent abbey of David I., then occupied as a Presbyterian place of worship. Mr. Patten, chaplain to the rebels, preached a sermon on hereditary right, from Deut. xxi. 17—"The right of the first-born is his." In the afternoon, Mr. Irvine, an old Scottish Episcopalian clergyman and non-juror, delivered a discourse full of earnest exhortation to

his hearers to be zealous and steady in the cause: which discourse, by his own information to Mr. Patten, he had preached in the Highlands to Lord Dundee and his army when they rose against King William, a little before the battle of Killiecrankie. "It was very agreeable," says Patten, "to see how decently and reverently the very common Highlanders behaved, and answered the responses according to the rubric, to the shame of many that pretend to more polite breeding."

The insurgents remained in Kelso from the 22nd to the 27th of October. Hearing that General Carpenter had advanced as far as Wooler for the purpose of attacking them, they held a council of war. One plan of operations was advocated by the Scots, another by the English. The Highlanders positively refused to enter England, and the English were determined to advance no further into Scotland. In the end they moved westward along the Border. This foolish scheme was signally unsuccessful; for General Carpenter and his dragoons, falling into their track and following in their rear, gave to their march the appearance of a flight. Arriving at Jedburgh, where they rested for a couple of days, the insurgents resolved to cross the hills into North Tynedale, and accordingly Captain Hunter, who was well acquainted with the country, was despatched thither to provide quarters for the army, but the Highlanders having still resolutely refused to cross the Border, they were eventually obliged to alter their intention and march towards Hawick. While lying at Hawick the disputes between the Highlanders and the English respecting their final course came almost to an open rupture. The former separated themselves from the horse, and, drawing up on a moor above

the town, declared that they would on no occasion go into England to be kidnapped and enslaved, as their ancestors were in Cromwell's time. And when the horse, exasperated at their obstinacy, threatened to surround them and force them to march, they cocked their pieces, and calmly observed that if they must needs be made a sacrifice, they were determined at least that it should be made in their own country. At length the Highlanders consented to continue with the army as long as it should remain in Scotland.

On Sunday, October 30, the rebels entered Langholm. Here they were informed by a gentleman, who had that morning seen Carpenter's troops enter Jedburgh, that they were so completely worn out with fatigue as to seem almost incapable of resistance. But although this information was laid before a council of war, it was found impossible to come to any resolution to take advantage of it. Eventually, it was determined to make an attack upon Dumfries. An advanced party of 400 horse had proceeded as far as Blacketridge, when they were met by an express from their friends in Dumfries, informing them of the preparations the citizens of the town had made for its defence. Immediately on the arrival of this message, the dispute was renewed between the Scots and the English, the former insisting on forming a junction with the Earl of Mar, while Mr. Forster and his friends obstinately adhered to their proposal of entering England, affirming that, upon appearing there they would be joined by 20,000 men. Lord Derwentwater strongly protested against the proposed measure, as certain to end in their ruin; but his remonstrances were unheeded. The rest of the English leaders urged the advantage of their plan with such vehemence as to bear down all opposition. After a long altercation, they finally resolved upon the invasion of Lancashire, provided they could gain the consent of Brigadier Mackintosh, who was not present at the consultation, and who had all along strenuously opposed the measure. Mackintosh's opinion, however, had undergone a change on the subject, and he accordingly exerted himself to prevail upon his men to obey the orders of the council. He succeeded with the greater part; but a detachment of about 500 resisted all his arguments, and, disregarding his orders, broke away entirely from their companions, with the purpose of returning home through the western districts and by the heads of the Forth. The difficulty of finding provisions, however, compelled them to separate into small parties, and the greater part of them were consequently captured by the peasantry about the upper part of Clydesdale.

The main body of the insurgents, weakened by the desertion of the 500 Highlanders, entered England on the 1st of November, and took up their quarters for that night at Brampton, near Carlisle, where they seized the money collected for the excise on malt and ale. Here Mr. Forster opened his commission from the Earl of Mar to act as General in England. The next day they

marched towards Penrith. The horse militia of Westmoreland and of the northern parts of Lancashire, having been drawn out to oppose the insurgents, were joined at Penrith by the *posse comitatus* of Cumberland, amounting to 14,000 men, headed by Lord Lonsdale and the Bishop of Carlisle. But this host was composed of ignorant and undisciplined rustics, ill armed and worse arrayed, who had formed so dreadful an idea of the fierceness and irresistible valour of the rebel army, that they were no sooner made aware of the approach of an advanced party than they took to flight in all directions. The insurgents collected a considerable quantity of arms which the fugitives had thrown away in their flight, and took a number of prisoners, who, being of little value to their captors, were immediately set at liberty—a kindness which they repaid by shouting "God save King James, and prosper his merciful army!" Lord Lonsdale, deserted by all save about twenty of his own servants, found shelter in the old castle of Appleby.

Entering Penrith, the principal inhabitants of which treated them from the first with all manner of civility, the insurgents marched next to Appleby. From Appleby they proceeded to Kendal, and from Kendal to Kirkby-Lonsdale, everywhere proclaiming King James. Hitherto, they had seen nothing of that enthusiasm in their cause which the English leaders had taught their associates to expect. Most of the leading Catholics, indeed, in Cumberland and Westmoreland, such as Mr. Howard of Corby, and Mr. Curwen of Workington, had been previously secured by the Government in Carlisle Castle. Instead of increasing, the number of insurgents rather diminished; for at Penrith seventeen Teviotdale gentlemen abandoned their cause, thinking it hopeless.

Their next remove was to Lancaster, and during the march they learned from Charles Widdrington, brother to Lord Widdrington, who had been sent forward to warn their friends in Lancashire of their approach, that King James had been proclaimed at Manchester. This cheering intelligence raised the spirits of the Highlanders, who had loudly complained that all the specious promises held out to them respecting the vast reinforcements by which they were to be joined had proved a delusion; so, with the confident expectation of success, they continued their march to Lancaster. Colonel Charteris, who then occupied the town, wished to defend the place by blowing up the bridge over the Lune, in order to prevent the enemy's passage; but this being opposed by the inhabitants, he retired, and, on the 7th of November, the insurgents entered the town without hindrance. They remained at Lancaster two days, and here, before leaving, the noblemen and gentlemen prepared for the only gentle episode in their campaign. "They dressed and trimmed themselves up," says Peter Clarke in his journal, "and went to drink tea with the ladies of Lancaster, who also appeared in their best rigging, and had their tea tables richly furnished to entertain their new suitors. Tea was

then a novel and expensive luxury that was still but little used even among the higher classes." After this episode, they pushed forward to Preston, from which Stanhope's regiment of dragoons and a body of militia thought it prudent to retire on their approach.

On arriving at Preston, on the 10th November, the insurgents were joined by nearly all the Roman Catholics in the district, the augmentation of their numbers amounting to 1,200. But they were badly armed, and had no notion of discipline. Just as the insurgents had taken possession of Preston, General Willis, commanding the loyal forces of Lancashire, left Manchester for Wigan with four regiments of cavalry and one of foot, commanded by experienced officers. At Wigan he was joined by Pitt's regiment of dragoons, which had been quartered there, and also by Stanhope's, which had retired from Preston on the approach of the insurgents. Having there learned that General Carpenter was advancing from the opposite quarter, and would be ready to take the rebel forces in the flank, Willis determined to march straight upon Preston.

There were two plans of defence open to the choice of the insurgent general—either to march out and dispute with the Royal forces the passage of the River Ribble, by which Preston is covered, or to remain within the town and defend it by the assistance of such temporary fortifications and barricades as could be hastily constructed before the enemy's approach. The first of these courses had many obvious advantages. Between the bridge and the town there extended a long and deep lane, bordered with steep banks, surmounted by strong hedges. The lane was in some places so narrow that two men could not ride abreast. But Forster made no attempt to avail himself of this advantageous pass. River, bridge, and road were all left open to the assailants. Possessed with the idea "that the body of the town was the security of the army," the rebel general abandoned all exterior defences, and commanded the guard of 100 chosen Highlanders, which the council had placed at the bridge under Farquharson of Invercauld, to retire into the town. He at the same time withdrew another detachment of fifty Highlanders who had taken up a most advantageous post in Sir Henry Haughton's house, near the extremity of the town corresponding with the bridge.

Within the town, however, the insurgents had taken judicious measures for their defence, and pursued them with zeal and spirit. Four barricades were thrown up across the principal streets; not, however, at their extremities towards the fields, but towards the centre of the town. The danger was thus avoided of the enemy coming through the numerous lanes at the termination of the streets and attacking the insurgents in the rear of their defences. Each barricade was protected by two pieces of cannon, and troops were also posted in the houses near.

General Willis, on reaching the bridge over the Ribble,

was surprised to find it undefended. As he approached the town, however, he saw the barricades which Forster had thrown up. Having taken a survey of the defences, he prepared for an immediate onset; and to make the assault with more effect, he determined to attack only two of the barricades at once. His troops were accordingly divided into two parties, one under Brigadier Honeyman, the other under Brigadier Dormer. But their intrepid assault was met with equal courage; and, so destructive a fire was poured upon them, not only from the barricades, but from the adjacent houses, that they were beaten off with considerable loss.

Early on the morning of November 12, the same day on which the Earl of Mar had fought the indecisive battle of Sheriffmuir, General Carpenter arrived with a part of his cavalry, accompanied by the Earl of Carlisle, Lord Lumley, and a considerable number of the gentry of the country. Various alterations were now made in the disposition of the forces; the town was completely invested on all sides, and preparations were made for a renewed assault.

The situation of the insurgents had now become desperate. They had, it is true, succeeded in repulsing their assailants in the previous attack; but it was evident that, cut off from all assistance, their fate was inevitable. Every avenue of flight was closely guarded; and of those who made a desperate attempt to sally, the greater part were cut in pieces, and only a very few escaped by hewing their way through the enemy. "The English gentlemen," says Sir Walter Scott, "began to think upon the possibility of saving their lives, and entertained the hope of returning once more to the domestic enjoyment of their homes and their estates; whilst the Highlanders and most of the Scottish insurgents, even of the higher classes, declared for sallying out and dying like men of honour, with sword in hand, rather than holding their lives on the base tenure of submission." The only one of the English leaders who seems to have joined the Scots in this opinion was Charles Radcliffe, brother of Lord Derwentwater, who, with his usual intrepidity, declared "he would rather die sword in hand, like a man of honour, than yield to be dragged like a felon to the gallows, and be hanged like a dog." Forster, however, was completely disheartened; and at the instigation of Lord Widdrington and a few others, Colonel Oxburgh, an Irish Catholic, who had been Forster's principal adviser in military matters, went out to ask terms of surrender.

Oxburgh's mission was coldly received by the English general, who, irritated by the loss he had sustained, seemed at first disposed to reject the proposition altogether, and declared that he would not treat with rebels who had killed several of the king's subjects and must expect to share the same fate. Oxburgh entreated him, as a man of honour and an officer, to show mercy to people who were willing to submit. Willis at last relented so far as to say that if the rebels would lay

down their arms, and surrender at discretion, he would protect them from being cut to pieces by the soldiers, until further orders from Government.

When Oxburgh returned and reported the result of his mission, Captain Dalzeil, brother to the Earl of Carnwath, went out in the name of the Scots to ascertain what terms would be granted to them; but Willis refused to offer any other terms than those which he had already offered through Colonel Oxburgh. Dalzeil then requested time to take the proposal into consideration, which was granted by Willis, on condition that the insurgents should give him hostages against their throwing up new entrenchments, or making any attempt to escape. Colonel Cotton accompanied Dalzeil back to Preston for the purpose of bringing out the hostages. He speedily returned to the general's tent, bringing with him the Earl of Derwentwater and Brigadier Mackintosh, who had been selected for this service.

Next morning, November 14, Forster sent a message to General Willis, informing him that the insurgents were willing to surrender on the terms proposed. The Royal troops then entered Preston in two detachments, and, meeting in the Market Place, where the whole of the insurgents were drawn up, they disarmed and formally made them prisoners. By this final blow the rebellion in England was effectually terminated.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

BARBER'S NEWS, OR SHIELDS IN AN UPROAR.

A HIS song was first published on a broadside sheet in Newcastle, about 1805, and refers to the circumstance of Stephen Kemble's capsizeing a sculler-boat in which he was crossing the Tyne, in the dark age before there was any ferry, direct or indirect, between North and South Shields.

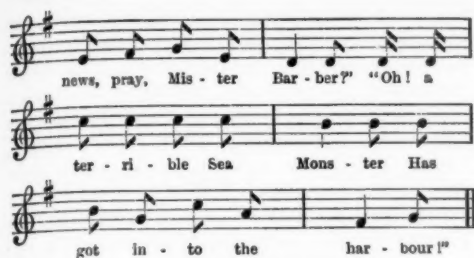
Stephen was, as all the world knows, a very portly gentleman, for his remarkable obesity enabled him to personate Falstaff "without stuffing." He was the brother of the celebrated John and Charles Kemble, and of the equally celebrated Mrs. Siddons. No wonder that he took kindly to the stage, instead of to the profession of a barber-surgeon, for which his parents destined him, he having been born on the very night in which his mother had played Anne Boleyn in the play of "Henry the Eighth." He was manager of the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, for about fourteen years, having succeeded Messrs. Whitlock and Munden in 1792, and being succeeded in 1806 by Mr. William Macready, father of the great Macready. He also had the chief interest and property in the rest of the theatres of the circuit, as it was termed, including North and South Shields, Sunderland,

and Durham, which he bought of Mr. Cawdell. His wife, formerly Miss Satchell, was a good actress and a prodigious favourite in Newcastle. Stephen himself was only second-rate on the boards: but he was what is styled a "chaste performer," a beautiful reader, a well-informed and entertaining companion, and a right hearty good fellow. Under his administration the legitimate drama had a long and flourishing career in the North. He died on June 2nd, 1822, in his 64th year, at the Grove, near Durham, and his remains were interred in the Chapel of the Nine Altars at the east end of Durham Cathedral, on the north side of the Shrine of St. Cuthbert.

Of Mr. John Shield, the author of this song, and of several other popular local lyrics, such as "My Lord 'Size," "Bob Cranky's Adieu," &c., an account is given in the first volume of the *Monthly Chronicle*, p. 37.

The tune to which the song is directed to be sung—"O, the Golden Days of Good Queen Bess"—is also known by the names of "Unfortunate Miss Bailey," and of "Alley Croaker." Under the latter title it usually appears in collections of Irish melodies as a product of the sister isle. It is, however, a purely English air, first known as "No More, Fair Virgina, Boast Your Power," and was introduced into the play of "Love in a Riddle," in 1729.

Great was the con-ster-na-tion, A-
 maze-ment, and dis-may, Sir, Which
 both in North and South Shields Pre-
 vail'd the o-ther day, Sir. Quite
 pan-ic struck the na-tives were, When
 told by the bar-ber, That a
 ter-ri-ble Sea Mon-ster Had
 got in-to the har-bour.
 "Have you heard the news, Sir?" "What



Now, each honest man in Shields—
I mean both North and South, sir,
Delighting in occasion to
Expand their eyes and mouth, sir:
And fond of seeing marv'ous sights,
Ne'er stayed to get his beard off,
But ran to see the monster, its
Arrival when he heard of.

Oh, who could think of shaving,
When informed by the barber
That a terrible sea monster
Had got into the harbour?

Each wife pursued her husband,
And every child its mother,
Lads and lasses, helter-skelter,
Scampered after one another;
Shopkeepers and mechanics, too,
Forsook their daily labours,
And ran to gape and stare among
Their gaping, staring neighbours.
All crowded to the river side,
When told by the barber
That a terrible sea monster
Had got into the harbour.

It happens very frequently
That barbers' news is fiction, sir;
But the wond'rous news this morning
Was truth, no contradiction, sir;
A something sure enough was there,
Among the billows flouncing,
Now sinking in the deep profound,
Now on the surface bouncing:
True as Gazette or Gospel
Were the tidings of the barber,
That a terrible sea monster
Had got into the harbour.

Some thought it was a shark, sir,
A porpoise some conceived it;
Some thought it was a grampus,
And some a whale believed it;
Some swore it was a sea horse,
Then owned themselves mistaken,
For now they'd got a nearer view—
'Twas certainly a kraken.*

Each sported his opinion,
From the parson to the barber,
Of the terrible sea monster
They had got into the harbour.

"Relay, relay," a sailor cried,
"What, that, this thing, a kraken!"

* As we do not believe any of our readers can ever have seen a kraken, we may be pardoned for giving the following account of this Norse monster, abridged from Pontoppidan:—It is a mile and a half in circumference; and when part of it appears above the water it resembles a number of small islands and sand-banks, on which fishes sport and seaweeds grow. Upon his further emerging, a number of pellucid antennae, each about the height, size, and form of a moderate mast, appear; and by the action and re-action of these he gathers his food, consisting of small fishes. When he sinks, which he does gradually, a dangerous swell of the sea succeeds, and a kind of whirlpool is naturally formed. In 1680, we are told, a young kraken perished upon the rocks in the parish of Alstahong; and his death was attended with such a stench that the channel where he died was impassable.

'Tis no more like one, split my jib,
Than it is a flitch of bacon!
I've often seen a hundred such,
All sporting in the Nile, sir,
And you may trust a sailor's word,
It is a crocodile, sir.
Each straight to Jack knocks under,
From the parson to the barber,
And all agreed a crocodile
Had got into the harbour.

Yet greatly Jack's discovery
His audience did shock, sir,
For they dreaded that the salmon
Would be eat up by the croc, sir:
When presently the crocodile,
Their consternation crowning,
Rais'd its head above the waves and cried,
"Help, O, Lord! I'm drowning!"
Heavens, how their hair, sir, stood on end,
From the parson to the barber,
To find a speaking crocodile
Had got into the harbour.

This dreadful exclamation
Appalled both young and old, sir.
In the very stoutest hearts, indeed,
It made the blood run cold, sir.
Even Jack, the hero of the Nile,
It caused to quake and tremble,
Until an old wife, sighing, cried,
"Alas! 'tis Stephen Kemble!"
Heaven's! how they all astonish'd were,
From the parson to the barber,
To find that Stephen Kemble
Was the monster in the harbour.

Straight crocodilish fears gave place
To manly, gen'rous strife, sir;
Most willingly each lent a hand
To save poor Stephen's life, sir;
They dragged him, gasping, to the shore,
Impatient for his history,
For how he came in that sad plight
To them was quite a mystery.
Tears glistened, sir, in every eye,
From the parson to the barber,
When, swol'n to thrice his natural size,
They dragged him from the harbour.

Now, having roll'd and rubbed him well
An hour upon the beach, sir,
He got upon his legs again,
And made a serious speech, sir.
Quoth he: "An ancient proverb says,
And true it will be found, sir,
Those born to prove an airy doom
Will surely ne'er be drowned, sirs,
For fate has us all in tow,
From the monarch to the barber,
Or surely I had breathed my last
This morning in the harbour.

"Resolved to cross the river, sirs,
A sculler did I get into,
May Jonah's ill-luck be mine
Another when I step into!
Just when we reached the deepest part,
O, horror! there it founders,
And down went poor Pill Garlick†
Amongst the crabs and flounders!
But fate, that keeps us all in tow,
From the monarch to the barber,
Ordained I should not breathe my last
This morning in the harbour.

"I've broke down many a stage coach,
And many a chaise and gig, sirs;
Once in passing through a trap hole
I found myself too big, sirs;

† An allusion to Stephen's two years' juvenile practice in Dr. Gibb's surgery at Coventry.

I've been circumstanced most oddly,
Whilst contesting hard a race, sirs,
But ne'er was half so frightened
As among the crabs and plaice, sirs,
O, fate, sirs, keep us all in tow,
From the monarch to the barber,
Or certainly I'd breathed my last
This morning in the harbour.

"My friends, for your exertions,
My heart o'erflows with gratitude.
Oh, may it prove the last time
You find me in that latitude.
God knows with what mischances dire
The future may abound, sirs,
But hope and trust I'm one of those
Not fated to be be drown'd, sirs."
Thus ended his oration, sirs,
(I had it from the barber),
And, dripping like some river god,
He slowly left the harbour.

Ye men of North and South Shields, too,
God send ye all prosperity!
May your commerce ever flourish,
Your stately ships still crowd the sea!
Unrivalled in the coal trade
Till doomsday may you stand, sirs,
And every hour fresh wonders
Your eyes and mouths expand, sirs.
And long may Stephen Kemble live,
And never may the barber
Mistake him for a monster more,
Deep floundering in the harbour!

Joseph Cooke, Mystic and Communist.

AMONG worldly mortals it is a very thin partition that divides sanity from insanity. It is commonly called Eccentricity, and sometimes Genius. The eccentricity of Joseph Cooke (some authorities call him Thomas) certainly verged upon, perhaps considerably overpassed, the bounds of sober sanity; and yet there was much transcendental philosophy in his madness.

The son of a shoemaker at Hexham, Mr. Cooke was born in the year 1719. Destined for the Church, he got a liberal education—first at the grammar school of his native town, then taught by Thomas Bolton; afterwards at Durham, as a king's scholar, under the tuition of Richard Dougworth, M.A., who had as his assistant Thomas Randal, the indefatigable collector of the local MSS. which bore his name, and which he bequeathed to George Allan, Esq., of Darlington, who gave Hutchinson, the county historian, the free use of them; and finally at Queen's College, Oxford, where he took the degree of M.A. In due time he was ordained, and not long after succeeded in obtaining a curacy at Embleton, in Northumberland. Here a turn for mysteries led him to study mystic writers, and he soon caught the same enthusiastic flame which warmed them. His favourite author was the Lusatian visionary, Jacob Boehme, who had been a shoemaker, like his own father, but had been called by an audible voice from heaven, as he verily

believed, to become an inspired teacher of his fellow-men, and to open up to them the most profound celestial mysteries that perplex the understanding. The humble Northumbrian curate fancied he understood Boehme's fundamental principle, and also the propositions and corollaries based upon it. He comprehended "the forthcoming of the creation out of the divine unity"—"the evolution and manifestation of the creature out of God"; and he was in the habit of deeply meditating upon God himself apart from creatures, or, to use some of Boehme's own synonyms, "the Groundless, the Eternal One, the Silent Nothing, the Temperamentum." The Absolute, from which the Phenomenal springs, and into which it is received back, was no mystery to him, any more than it had been to his master, among whose pupils, it may be well to mention in passing, have been such great men as Newton, Schelling, and Hegel, the last-named of whom places Boehme at the head of modern philosophy, while admitting that his terminology was fantastic. Mr. Cooke was accustomed to repeat to himself, and babble, as others thought, to such as would listen to him as to a man beside himself:—

All things consist in Yes and No. The Yes is pure power and life, the truth of God, or God himself. The No is the reply to the Yes, or to the truth, and is indispensable to the revelation of the truth. So, then, the Silent Nothing becomes Something by entering into Duality.

It is no great cause of wonder that the good people of Embleton, and even the worthy vicar, thought there must be a something wrong with the dreamy curate. The natives of Northumberland are mathematically, not metaphysically, inclined; and comparatively few, even in Scotland, the land by pre-eminence of metaphysics, can understand Jacob Boehme. Besides, Mr. Cooke superadded to the foreign visionary's theories some notions peculiar to himself; for he publicly as well as privately maintained that the Christian dispensation did not abrogate one jot or tittle of the Law of Moses, quoting in proof the express words of Christ himself, as recorded by Saints Matthew and Luke. Of course, he was told the words meant something else; but he did not believe it. He went so far as to undergo the initial rite of Judaism, conceiving, as he did, that what was good for Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and the Saviour himself, could not be bad for modern believers. Reading in the Apocalypse, or Book of Revelation, that a new name was to be given to them that "overcame the world," he assumed the names of Adam Moses Emanuel, and ever afterwards signed himself A. M. E. Cooke. He also made an attempt to follow the example of Jesus in fasting forty days; and, what is astonishing indeed, had resolution and strength to fast seventeen days without anything whatever, and for twelve days more allowed himself each day only a trifling crust of bread and a draught of water. Moreover, in obedience to the Levitical command—"Thou shalt not mar the corners of thy

beard"—he suffered his beard to grow to its natural length, which, by itself, in an age when everybody not a Jew shaved clean, was considered a sure mark of mental derangement.

In short, so strange were the notions Mr. Cooke broached, and so extravagant his behaviour, that he incurred the displeasure and reprehension of his superiors in the Church, and was by them soon discharged from his curacy. Then, leaving the North, he found his way to London, where he commenced as an author, and also signalled himself by street preaching, which he did in full canonicals, his flowing beard attracting special attention. Of his writings in divinity and politics we can give no account. They are said, but we know not with what amount of truth, to have been "pieces of unintelligible jargon." Mr. Cooke wrote also two plays, of which even the names are now forgotten. He likewise published his ideas upon sundry practical matters, advocating, for instance, the collection of all the metropolitan markets into one grand subterraneous centre under Fleet Street. Conceiving what was then even more than now deemed the strange notion that all the good things of this world should be common, according to the doctrine and practice of the primitive Church of Jerusalem, he was in the habit, when in London, of going into a coffee-house in the morning and taking to his own use the first muffin and pot of coffee he saw set on any of the tables. A writer to a local publication, who contributed an obituary notice of him at the time of his death, says:—

The strangeness of his appearance, or the knowledge of his character, used to screen him from the expostulations on the part of the gentlemen for whom the breakfast was intended, nor did he meet with interruption from the waiters till he had finished, and, after saying a short grace, was going towards the door without discharging the reckoning. The coffee-house master would then expostulate, while he could prove, by mode and figure, that the good things of this world were common. The bucks would then form a ring for the disputants, till the one would be obliged to give up the contest, unable to make objection to the arguments brought by the other from the Talmudists, and from Hebrew, Greek, and Latin authors.

After he had conducted himself in this eccentric manner for a while, some good-natured clergymen got him sent to Bethlehem Hospital, where he stayed two or three years. When discharged thence, he travelled over the greater part of Scotland without a single farthing in his pocket, subsisting, as he says in one of his pamphlets, on the contributions of the well-disposed. He then went to Ireland, which he perambulated on foot in like manner. Arriving at Dublin in 1760, he was kindly entertained for some time by the provost and senior fellows of Trinity College, who admired his extraordinary learning and his almost infantile simplicity. Returning to England, he visited Oxford, where much notice was taken of him for the same reasons by some gentlemen of distinction, particularly by the head of one of the colleges, with whom he lodged. We are told

by his biographer that, after hearing the University sermon in St. Mary's, he went into the street, mounted some improvised rostrum, and gave his own exposition of the preacher's text, interlarded with long extracts from the classics and the Hebrew Bible.

After living in London many years, he came down to his native county to spend the rest of his days, which he was enabled to do in comparative comfort, having had a small pension allowed him by the Society of Sons of the Clergy. He lodged in Newcastle, in a house near the Forth, and amused himself with writing odes, epigrams, letters, and other trifles, some of which found their way into the local papers, but never seem to have been worth preserving.

Mr. Cooke died at his lodgings on the 15th November, 1783, aged sixty-four.

St. Hilda's, East Hartlepool.

IN the early days of Christianity in North-umberland, a monastic house, founded by St. Begu, and afterwards extended and governed by St. Hilda, existed at Hartlepool. As early as 657, Hilda removed to Whitby, but the monastery at Hartlepool seems to have been maintained till the time of the Danish invasions. After that we hear no more of it. Hilda's monastery had no connection with the present church dedicated to her. And probably for some centuries after her house had been destroyed by the Danes, Hartlepool had no provision for the worship of its people except the mother church of Hart, three miles away. Its population during this period must have been extremely small; for we have evidence that the town only sprung into existence after the Norman Conquest.

Hartlepool is first mentioned in 1171, when Hugh, Earl of Bar, and nephew of Bishop Pudsey, brought his fleet, together with a body of Flemings, into its haven. Pudsey was a great builder. To him we owe the Galilee of Durham Cathedral and the Norman gallery of Durham Castle. He built the church of Darlington, and to him, in some measure at least, we must ascribe the church of St. Hilda at Hartlepool. It is true that Hartlepool formed no part of his lordship, and it is not included in his Boldon Buke. But in his days it was the principal port in the county, and was yearly increasing in wealth and importance.

The first church is the church which still remains. Despite of all that has been done to rob it of its ancient glory, it is still the finest of the parish churches of the North of England. No one possessed of any spirit of reverence for ancient art can see this wonderful structure without being deeply impressed. It is the most picturesque building in the county. Its decayed and crumbling details give it an aspect of wierd antiquity, of

which the mason's chisel has too often stripped more ancient structures. And its massive tower, overlooking, from a bold headland, a vast expanse of land and sea, and exposed to the storms and tempests of centuries, gives us that sense of endurance and permanence which we can so seldom attach to the work of man, and which is so grateful a contrast to the constant change and tantalizing insecurity of most of our surroundings.

The church of Hartlepool differs from most ancient churches in being throughout one design, carried out at one time. It is not the work of many centuries, but of one. The tower is the most striking and characteristic part of the edifice. The enormous buttresses by which it is supported, though forming no part of its original design, were found to be necessary, and were added at an early period, and certainly increase the picturesque effect of this part of the building. Their date is determined by the exceedingly beautiful though much decayed doorway in the south buttress supporting the west side of the tower. This doorway, and consequently the buttresses, may be ascribed to about the year 1230, or forty years after the church was built.

The early history of Hartlepool Church consists of little more than a series of confirmations by successive Bishops of Durham of the claims of the priory of Guisborough. In 1599 the Corporation of Hartlepool drew up a number of statutes for the government of the church, many of which are very curious. Amongst them are the following:—

Item. Imprimis it is ordained that whosoever he or

they be of the twelve chief burgesses that upon any Sabbath day and other holy day coming to the church do not seat and place him or themselves in his or their accustomed place shall pay for every time so doing, 12d.

It is ordained that whosoever of this town is found throwing of any stones upon the church leads, shall pay for every such offence to the use of the town, 2d.

It is ordained that whosoever of this town doth shoot at or within the church or church steeple of this town, with gun, crossbow, or any other shot, for the killing of any dove, pigeon, or any other fowl, shall pay, &c., 12d.

It is ordained that the spouts of the church be used in common in the time of rain, and the water to be parted equally between party and party, only one spout to be reserved for the mayor, upon pain for everyone so violating this order to pay, &c., 4d.

Hartlepool church is not rich in monuments of the dead. Outside the east end of the church is a large square tomb, nine feet in length and four feet nine inches in breadth. Before the ancient chancel was taken down, this tomb was enclosed within its walls. The top of it consists of an enormous slab of Stanhope marble, destitute of any inscription or sculpture. Each side, which is formed of the same kind of stone, bears a shield on which is a lion rampant. During some re-erection of the monument, all these shields have been placed upside down. This tomb is ascribed both by tradition and by its heraldry to the early De Bruses, the ancient lords of Hart and Hartness.

Near the pulpit is a small monumental brass, bearing the effigy of a lady in the costume of the later years of Elizabeth's reign. She is dressed in gown and cloak, the former wrought over with needlework, and wears the ruff and high-crowned and broad brimmed hat of the period.



St. Hilda's Church,
East Hartlepool (from the South West).

Beneath the effigy is the following inscription, engraved on the brass :—

HERE VNDER THIS STONE LYETH BURYED THE
BODIE OF THE VERTVOUS GENTLEWOMAN
IANE BELL, WHO DEPTED THIS LYFE THE VI
DAYE OF IANVARIE 1593 BEINGE THE DOWGHTER
OF LAVERANCE THORNELL OF DARLINGTON GENT &
LATE WIFE TO PARSVEL BELL, NOWE MAIRE OF THIS
TOWNE OF HARTINPOOELL MARCHANT.

Whos vertues if thou wilt beholde
Peruse this tabel hanginge bye ATATIS SVR
Which will the same to the unfold 40.
By her good lyfe learne thou to die.

Beside the lady's mouth is a ribband bearing the words, "Casta, Fides, Victrix," intended, doubtless, to mean, "Chaste, Faithful, Victorious."

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.

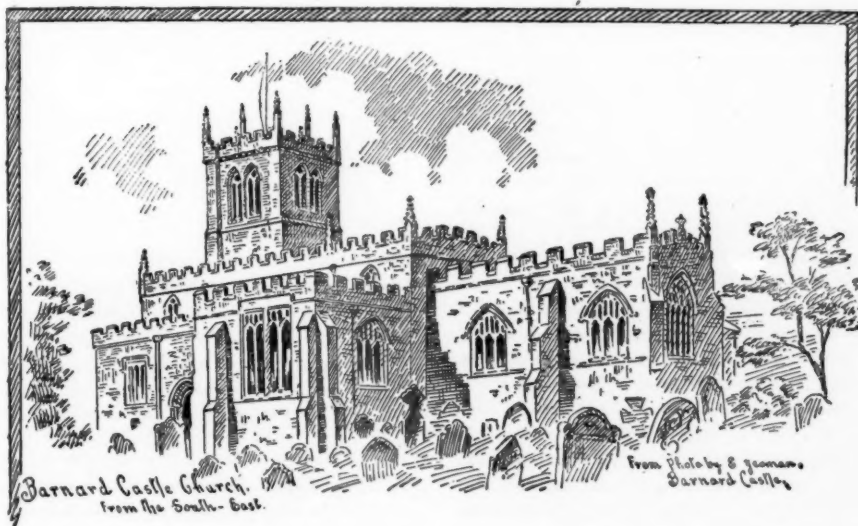
Barnard Castle Church.

THE town of Barnard Castle, like that of Alnwick, grew up under the shelter of a great feudal stronghold. The castle of Barnard or Barnard Baliol was founded early in the twelfth century. The town seems to have enjoyed the fostering care of Barnard himself, for we have a charter of his son, the second Barnard, in which he confirms to his burgesses of Castle Barnard, and their heirs, all those liberties and free customs which his father had granted to them.

The earliest church of Barnard Castle has almost entirely passed away. Very early in the twelfth century Guy Baliol, the Norman grantee of the lordship to which his successor gave his own name, amongst other gifts to the abbot and convent of St. Mary of York, included the

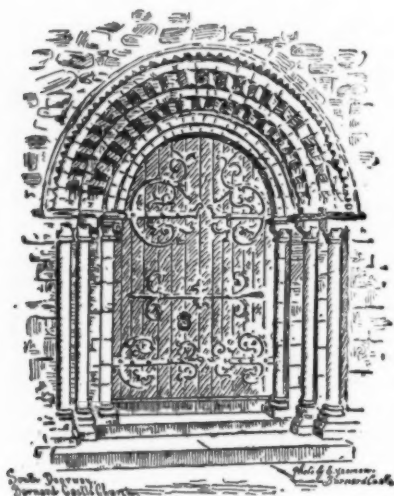
church of Gainford. The modern parish of Barnard Castle is part of the original parish of Gainford; and as the chapel of Barnard Castle is not mentioned in Guy's grant, we are safe in assuming that it had then no existence. But in 1131 or 1132, Godfrid, the then abbot of St. Mary's, granted to Barnard, a priest, and the son of Hugh Baliol, for the term of his life, "the church of Gainford with the chapel of Barnard's Castle." This is the earliest mention we have of the church of Barnard Castle, and serves to show how soon after the foundation of the castle itself a town had sprung into existence, for which it was necessary to provide ecclesiastical accommodation.

Of this, the original church of Barnard Castle, the only existing portion is part of the north wall of the chancel, with its two widely splayed, round-headed windows. With this slight exception the oldest portions of the present building belong to the latter half of the twelfth century, or, to be more precise, about the years 1170 to 1180. Sufficient remains of the church of this period still exist to show that it was from the first a large and important edifice. It consisted of a chancel and a nave, with both north and south aisles. Of this church, part of the north arcade of the nave, part of the outer walls at the south-west corner, and the beautiful south doorway, here engraved, still remain. The north arcade of the nave consists of four arches, of which only the two towards the west are original. They are round-headed, consisting of two square orders, and are extremely plain. They rest on square abaci, under which, at every corner, are volutes of a very peculiar type. The pillars are cylinders which rest on round bases and square plinths. The two eastern arches were rebuilt at the restoration of the church twenty years ago. The south doorway, which



was no doubt originally the principal entrance, is one of the most interesting features of the edifice. Its arch, which is of three orders, is lavishly adorned with the chevron or zig-zag moulding, and although the work is of the rudest description, it is, on the whole, effective and pleasing.

The church appears to have undergone some alterations during the first half of the thirteenth century. An engraving of the edifice as it appeared before the year 1815, printed in Surtees's *History of the County of Durham*, shows what appear to be two Early English windows in the south wall of the chancel, as well as one round-headed one similar to those in the north wall. But since the year just named all these have been destroyed.



About the end of the thirteenth century the builders were again at work in this church, and for some reason the south arcade was at that time taken down and rebuilt. I am inclined to think that at the same period a clerestory was raised on the nave walls. The south arcade consists of five pointed arches, each of two plain chamfered orders. The arches rest on octagonal pillars, with octagonal capitals and bases.

The transepts appear to have been built about the middle of the fifteenth century. The vestry, in all probability, is of the same date. The chancel arch, which is a remarkable piece of work, may be dated about fifty years later. The capitals of its responds are crested by a miniature battlement, and the face of the arch itself is ornamented by a series of large and rudely chiselled conventional roses.

From Surtees's engraving of the church I am disposed to assign the original tower to the first half of the fifteenth century, or about the years 1430 to 1440. But of that tower not a fragment now exists. It was taken down to its

foundations twenty years ago, and a new tower, professedly in the style of the old one, was built on the same site.

I may now proceed to describe what most people will regard as the more curious and interesting features of the church. In the north wall of the north transept there are two arched recesses. These were intended for, and probably actually received, the tombs of benefactors to the church. One of the recesses is now occupied by the supulchral effigy of a priest. His head rests on a diapered cushion, and he holds the sacramental chalice in his left hand. He is attired in chasuble, stole, dalmatic, alb, and cassock. The chasuble is ornamented with cinquefoils, and has a bird sculptured on the right shoulder. At the priest's feet is a lion. The effigy has been much mutilated on its left side. Round the sides of the monument a miniature arcade is sculptured, and above this is the following inscription in Lombardic capitals:—

ORATE PRO AIA ROBERTI DE MORTHAM QNDAM
VICARII DE GAYNFORD.

(Pray for the soul of Robert de Mortham, at one time vicar of Gaynford.) Of Robert de Mortham, fortunately, we know something more than this inscription tells us. He doubtless took his name from Mortham, near Rokeby, two miles south-east of Barnard Castle, on the Yorkshire side of the Tees. In 1339, he founded "a perpetual chantry" in the chapel of the Blessed Mary at Barnard's Castle, which he endowed with seven messuages, forty acres of land, with their appurtenances, and an annual rent of ten shillings, in the towns of Barnard's Castle and Whittington. In 1345, he exchanged livings with Robert de Horton, rector of Hunstanworth. The time of his death is not known.

The font and its shaft and base are formed of Tees marble. The basin, which is octagonal in shape, is a fine piece of stone. Its internal diameter is 2 feet 10½ inches, and its depth in the centre is 1 foot 1½ inch. It has evidently been designed to admit of the immersion of infants. On its sides are eight shields. Four of these bear a merchant's mark, which must be accepted as an improved representation of the signature of the donor of the font. Each of the alternate shields bears a Lombardic capital. It seems impossible to determine which of the letters should be read first, and equally impossible to ascribe any meaning to them. The four letters are

A E M T

I hope some reader will be more successful in discovering a meaning in them than I have been. The date of the font is about 1480 to 1500. The merchant's mark is repeated on the base of the font, and also occurs on the upper right hand corner of a large marble grave slab now in the churchyard, on the opposite corner of which is the word

I O H N.

This John was possibly the donor of the font, but, except his Christian name and "his mark," the whole inscription has been erased, and a modern one substituted, which tells us

that this is the burial place of "Sir John Hullock, Baron of the Exchequer," a native of Barnard Castle, to whom there is a monument by Westmacott inside the church.

I have already mentioned that the church of Barnard Castle, with its parent church of Gainford, was appropriated to the abbot and convent of St. Mary in York. At a later period it seems to have been served by a series of perpetual curates, the vicar probably confining himself almost entirely to the requirements of the mother church. In 1587, the curate seems to have been in many ways an unsatisfactory personage. The wardens of the church were summoned to the ecclesiastical court of Durham, and their evidence as to the curate's proceedings was recorded. One complaint against him was that when the corpse of a child was brought from Whorlton he was not at home to bury it. He had previously absented himself a whole week, during which two bodies were brought for interment. In baptising infants he neglected to make the sign of the cross on their foreheads. But, besides all this, he seems to have made Barnard Castle a sort of Gretna Green. He married one William Warton, of Eggleston, and one Janet Sayer, of Startforth, "by three o'clock in the morning," "about Candlemas last." The horses of the runaway wedding party were brought into the church, and remained there throughout the ceremony, "and both the said married folks and their company were ridden away long before day." The couple were "asked," that is, the banns of their marriage were published, in their respective parish churches after they had been married by this rival of the Border blacksmiths, and this although they had both been previously "handfast" or betrothed to others. But the curate's misdeeds did not end here. He had also married "an unknown tinker to a girl of twelve years old, neither being of the parish of Barnard Castle." For marrying the tinker he received a fee of half-a-crown, "whereas the curate of Startforth had refused to marry him"—at any price, I suppose.

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.

John Knox in Newcastle.

IN the suppression of the English monasteries, a rude justice pensioned the evicted monks, and made their pensions chargeable on the forfeited lands. But the Crown advisers soon bethought them of another plan, that of giving benefices to the monks instead of pensions. Had Edward VI. outlived these beneficiaries, their appointment to the cure of souls under a Protestant regime would have mattered less; but his early death opened the way for the restoration of the old religion. Cranmer and the Great Council of the Regency were fully alive to the character of the mistake that had been perpetrated, and resolved to use extraordinary measures to abate the evil. A num-

ber of distinguished Protestant teachers were invited to England, and appointed to professorships in the two Universities, amongst them Peter Martyr and Martin Bucer. But the full effect of this policy could not be looked for immediately, and the case was urgent. It was determined, then, to select a few of the foremost available Protestant teachers, and to send them in a semi-missionary capacity to those parts of the country which they considered to be most deeply sunk in superstition and ignorance.

For such a mission John Knox had every qualification. He was learned, pious, earnest, thorough, and at the same time equally gifted with eloquence and sound judgment. Probably because of his nationality he was sent first of all to the Borders, and at Berwick, for the space of between two and three years, he laboured mightily in word and doctrine. For a time his energetic ministry was not interfered with by the chief spiritual authority of the diocese. Tunstall, the then Bishop of Durham, was a man not very likely to stir in such a matter, unless strongly moved thereto by others. He was a man of much learning, refinement, and general amiableness of disposition. In later days, when the old creed gained a temporary re-ascendency, he exerted himself diligently to prevent the sword of persecution or the fires of martyrdom from being set in operation in his diocese; and even when an unquestionable recusant against Popery was brought before him, he discharged him without examination, for fear he might be compelled to adjudge him to suffer. Such a man might wince under the fulminations of Knox; for he himself was a temporizer in eternal things and a trimmer between contending theologies. At last, however, the utterances of Knox became so pronounced, and so much in advance of the standard of Cranmer's Protestations, that Tunstall could no longer hesitate to cite him before his tribunal.

The reformer was summoned to appear in St. Nicholas' Church, Newcastle, and there to defend himself from the charge that he had proclaimed the sacrifice of the mass to be idolatrous. It is more than probable that Tunstall would have proceeded against him without giving him this opportunity of answering for himself, but that the Council of the North, which was a sort of sub-committee of the Council of the Protector Somerset, insisted on this right of the accused. On the other hand, Tunstall would hardly have ventured to cite one who was known to be the special servant of the Lord Protector and a favourite with the young king, if he had not thought that Knox had committed himself to extreme views which the Government would regard with strong suspicion. At any rate, on the 4th April, 1550, a large assembly of priests, State dignitaries, local magnates, and the common people, in addition to the bishop and his assessors, was gathered in the sacred edifice. When the charge had been duly presented, John Knox rose to reply. The effect of his discourse was described on all sides as very great. That the

bishop and his party were "silenced" is not the testimony of a prejudiced adherent, nor of one witness only. But if confirmation were needed, it is abundantly forthcoming in the sequel. Not only was Knox not further proceeded against, but he was exalted higher than ever in the favour of the Government; and the first step in this direction was his removal to Newcastle, a sphere of greater prominence and usefulness than he had hitherto enjoyed.

Before he removed to Newcastle he had contracted a matrimonial engagement with Marjory Bowes, usually styled Joan, though probably not christened by that name. This lady was the daughter of Richard Bowes, youngest son of Sir Ralph Bowes, of Streatlam, whose wife was Elizabeth, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Roger Aske, of Aske, in Yorkshire. The father of Marjory was but a lukewarm reformer, and entertained strong opinions as to the dignity of his family and the indignity of what he deemed would be a *mesalliance*. Knox had to learn that not even for a zealous reformer will the course of true love run smoothly. He had a staunch friend in the young lady's mother, and some of the most delightful of his compositions are letters which he from time to time addressed to this worthy woman. To him she was in truth a mother, and he to her a faithful son, years before the marriage bond brought them into actual relationship. As might have been expected, his strong affection for this mother furnished occasion to the foul-mouthed slander of his enemies; but a random glance through his letters to her will suffice to show how preposterously wicked such calumnies were.

In December, 1551, Knox was appointed one of the chaplains to Edward VI., apparently with a view to securing for him a certain measure of protection in the exercise of his special mission. To this chaplaincy was attached a stipend of £40 a year, which he continued to receive until the year of the young king's premature death. In Newcastle and the neighbourhood he pursued his ministry with all, and more than all, the success which had attended him at Berwick. He conducted controversies with able polemics of the old Church, both lay and clerical. But it is clear that he was often called away to London. It is certain that he was consulted about the Book of Common Prayer, and some of his suggestions were embodied in the Prayer Book as authorised by Edward VI. Some time later Dr. Weston complained that "a runagate Scot did take away the adoration or worshipping of Christ in the Sacrament, by whose pronouncement that heresy was put into the last communion book, so much prevailed that one man's authority at that time." Knox also, while at Newcastle, had to revise the Articles of Religion previous to their ratification by Parliament—a revision which has left permanent doctrinal traces not to be mistaken.

Bishop Tunstall, being accused of misprision of treason, was deprived, in 1552, of his bishopric, and remained a

prisoner in the Tower until Queen Mary came to the throne. Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, proposed that the see of Rochester should be given to Knox in order that he might be settled far away from the North-Country, and that the Bishopric of Durham should be divided by creating a new see at Newcastle. Writing to Secretary Cecil, he thus developed his ideas:—

I would to God it might please the King's Majesty to appoint Mr. Knox to the office of Rochester Bishopric, which, for three purposes, would do very well. First, he would not only be a whetstone to quicken and sharpen the Bishop of Canterbury, whereof he hath need, but also he would be a great commander of the Anabaptists lately sprung up in Kent. Secondly:—He should not continue the ministrations in the North, contrary to this set forth here. Thirdly:—The family of the Scots now inhabiting in Newcastle chiefly for his fellowship would not continue there; by colour thereof many resort unto them out of Scotland, which is not requisite. Herein I pray you desire my Lord Chamberlain and Mr. Vice-Chamberlain to help towards this good act, both for God's service and the King's. And then for the North, if his Majesty make the Dean of Durham Bishop of that see, and appoint him 1,000 marks more to that which he hath in his deanery, and the same house which he now has, as well in the city as in the county, will serve him right honourably. So may his Majesty reserve both the castle, which hath a princely site, and the other stately houses which the Bishop had in the country, to his highness, and the Chancellor's living to be converted to the Deanery, and an honest man to be placed in it, the Vice-Chancellor to be turned into the Chancellor. The suffragan [Thomas Spark], who is placed without the King's Majesty's authority, and also hath a great living, not worthy of it, may be removed, being neither preacher, learned, nor honest man. And the same living, with a little more to the value of a hundred marks, will serve for the erection of a Bishop within Newcastle. The said suffragan is so perverse a man, and of so evil qualities, that the country abhorreth him. He is most meetest to be removed from that office and from those parts. Thus may his Majesty place godly ministers in these offices, as is aforesaid, and reserve to his crown £2,000 a year of the best lands within the north parts of his realm; yea, I do not doubt it will be 4,000 marks a year of as good revenue as any is within the realm, and all places better and more godly furnished than ever it was from the beginning to this day.

The Duke of Northumberland returned to the subject again some time later:—

Master Knox being here [Hulsea] to speak with me, saying that he was so willed by you, I do return him again, because I love not to do with men which be neither grateful nor pleasurable. I assure you, I mind to have no more to do with him, but wish him well. Neither also with the Dean of Durham, because under the colour of a self-conscience, he can prettily malign and judge of others against good charity on a froward judgment; and this man, you might see in his letter, that he cannot tell whether I be a dissembler in religion or not, but I have for twenty years stood to one kind of religion in the same which I now profess, and I have, I thank the Lord, past no small dangers for it.

Christmas Day fell on a Sunday in 1552, and John Knox preached a sermon in Newcastle which gave great offence to the friends of the old religion. He affirmed that whatsoever was enemy in his heart to Christ's gospel and doctrine which then was preached in the realm was enemy to God, and secret traitor to the crown and commonwealth. The freedom of this speech was immediately laid hold of by his enemies, and transmitted, with many aggravations, to some great men about the Court, who

thereupon accused him of high misdemeanours before the Privy Council.

Upon reaching London, Knox found that his enemies had been uncommonly industrious in their endeavours to excite prejudices against him. But the Council, after hearing his defence, gave him an honourable acquittal. He was employed to preach before the Court, and his sermons gave great satisfaction to the king, who contracted a favour for him, and was anxious to have him promoted in the Church. The Council resolved that he should preach in London and the Southern Counties during the following year; but they allowed him to return for a short time to Newcastle, either that he might settle his affairs in the North, or that a public testimony might be borne to his innocence in the place where it had been attacked.

A short time afterwards the see of Durham was divided by a special Act of Parliament, and Newcastle was made into a City, and the headquarters of a Bishopric. No appointment was made under this Act. It is said that Bishop Ridley (the Martyr) was to have had Durham, and John Knox Newcastle, but Knox refused to be made a bishop on the ground that the office was destitute of Divine authority, and soon afterwards the illness and death of the king put a stop to the proceedings.

In the course of the same year Knox was repeatedly prostrated with attacks of gravel, and his general health, of course, suffered much; but the undaunted spirit within him bore him up in a fashion that reminds the reader of his letters of a great man and great sufferer of very recent days—the famous Robert Hall. In a letter to his sister, written in Newcastle, he says:—"My daily labours must now increase, and therefore spare me as much as you may. My old malady troubles me sore, and nothing is more contrarious to my health than writing. Think not that I am weary to visit you: but unless my pain shall cease, I will altogether become unprofitable. Work, O Lord, even as pleaseth thy infinite goodness, and relax the troubles at thy own pleasure, of such as seeketh thy glory to shine. Amen." In another letter to the same correspondent, he writes: "The pain of my head and stomach troubles me greatly. Daily I find my body decay; but the providence of my God shall not be frustrate. I am charged to be at Widdrington upon Sunday, where, I think, I shall also remain Monday. The Spirit of the Lord Jesus rest with you. Desire such faithful with whom ye communicate your mind to pray that, at the pleasure of our good God, my labour both of body and spirit may be relieved somewhat; for presently it is very bitter."

Knox happened to be in London when King Edward died, and he was one of the first to realise the seriousness of that event to Protestant interests. He remained there until the 19th of July, 1553, and then returned to Newcastle. Shortly after his return he was

married to Marjory Bowes. Her father was wealthy enough to have secured him from anxiety; but Knox was as proud in his way as any Bowes of them all. It was therefore natural that he should have an anxious time of it after his salary as chaplain was taken away by Queen Mary. In weariness of mind, and often in great physical anguish, he preached day after day during the autumn of that year. The new Parliament had repealed all the Acts on which the Reformation rested. Tunstall was restored to Durham. The Protestants were allowed till the end of the year to signify their conformity to the new order of things, after which they stood exposed to all the pains of law. With great reluctance Knox yielded to the advice of friends in leaving Newcastle for the less conspicuous sphere of Berwick; but he never got so far. He took refuge on the coast, and when pursuit after him waxed hot he took ship for Dieppe. Thus he disappeared from Newcastle.

Mother Shipton and her Prophecies.



OF all the prophets and prophetesses that Britain has produced, from the days of Merlin and Thomas the Rhymer downwards, none has had a wider and more lasting reputation than Mother Shipton, the celebrated Yorkshire witch, whose "strange and wonderful prophecies" are contained in one of those popular chap-books, "printed for the flying stationers," of which millions of copies have been issued first and last, and of which early editions now bring fabulous prices. The personal history of this shrewd prognosticator of remarkable events, as related by her anonymous biographers, is manifestly apocryphal. Only she appears to have lived at Clifton, a village on the banks of the Ouse, just outside the walls of York; and, if any dependence could be placed on the traditions regarding her, she must have lived to a quite extraordinary age, having come into the world under King Henry VII., and not having left it until after the Great Fire of London, so that her span of earthly existence must have been lengthened out to upwards of two hundred and sixty years, only forty years less than the patriarch Enoch, who was three hundred years old when he was translated to Heaven.

It is of her prophecies, however, and not of her length or manner of life, that we intend here to speak. We are told that it was shortly after her marriage that she set up for a conjuror, or what would now be called a medium, thought-reader, or psychognotist, informing people, for a consideration, who had stolen this or that from them, and how to recover their goods. She soon got a great name, far and near, as a "cunning woman," or "woman of fore-

sight," and her words were counted "lively oracles." Nor did she meddle only with private persons, but was "advised with by people of the greatest quality." The most exalted personages in the realm were not above the scope of her ken, or indifferent to the weight of her words.

Thus, when the great Cardinal Wolsey fell into disgrace, about the year 1530, and got an order from the king to remove from Richmond-on-Thames to his see of York, Mother Shipton publicly said he should never come there. His eminence, so runs the story, being offended when he heard of this, caused three lords to go to her to make inquiries. They went in disguise to Dring-Houses, where she then resided, and, leaving their horses and grooms behind, knocked at the door of her house, which was shown to them by a man named Bearly. "Come in, Mr. Bearly, and those noble lords with you," was her immediate welcome from within; "whereat," says the story-teller, "the lords were greatly amazed, not comprehending how the woman should know them." But as soon as they entered, she saluted each of them by his name, and, without asking their errand, set refreshments before them. Whereupon one of the lords said, "If you knew our errand, you would not make so much of us. You said the cardinal should never see York. What warrant had ye for that?" "No," replied the pythoness; "you say not sooth; I said he might see York, but never come at it." "Well," rejoined the lord, "when he does come, thou shalt be burnt." Then, taking her linen handkerchief off her head, says she, "If this burn, then I may burn." And she immediately flung it into the fire before their eyes, and let it lie in the flames for the space of a quarter of an hour or more, which it did without being even the least singed. The event justified her vaticination; for the cardinal, having arrived on his journey northwards at his magnificent palace or castle of Cawood, between nine and ten miles south of York, and having mounted to the top of one of the towers, and had the Minster pointed out to him, is reported to have said:—"There was a witch who would have it that I should never see York." "Nay," said one present, "your eminence is misinformed; she said you should see it, but not come at it." "Well," replied the cardinal, "I shall have her burned as soon as I get there." But that very day he was arrested for high treason by the king's orders, and carried back directly south, without being allowed to revisit his archiepiscopal see, which he never again saw; for he died on his way to London, at Leicester Abbey, of a violent attack of dysentery, brought on partly by the fatigues of his journey and partly by distress of mind.

It is related that on one occasion Mother Shipton had a stolen visit from the Abbot of Beverley, who, seeing the turn that things were taking under the renegade Defender of the Faith, and dreading that the monastery he presided over might be included in the number of religious

houses to be summarily dealt with, put on counterfeit clothes and went to consult the wise woman, hoping she might be able to clear up the dark future to him. But the moment that he knocked at her door, she called out to him and said:—"Come in, Sir Abbot, for you are not so much disguised but that the fox may be seen through the sheep's skin. Come, take a stool and sit down, and you shall not go away unsatisfied. I am an old woman, who will not flatter nor be flattered by any; yet will answer simple questions as fast as I may. So speak on." And, in reply to his reverence's queries about the fate overhanging the monasteries, she poured forth her vaticination in Hudibrastic verse as follows:—

When the Cow doth wive the Bull,
Then, priest, beware thy skull!
The mitred Peacock's lofty pride
Shall to his master be a guide;
And when the lower shrubs do fall,
The great trees quickly follow shall.
The poor shall grieve to see that day,
And who did feast must fast and pray.
Riches bring pride, and pride brings woe,
And Fate decrees their overthrow.

Here by the cow was meant King Henry, who, as Earl of Richmond, bore a cow on his escutcheon; and the bull betokened Anne Bulleyn, to whom her father gave the black bull's head in his cognisance. When the king married Anne, in the room of Queen Catherine, then was fulfilled the second line of the prophecy, a number of priests having lost their heads for offending against the laws made to bring the matter to pass. Cardinal Wolsey, who was intended by "the mitred Peacock," in the height of his pride and the vastness of his undertakings, intended to erect two colleges, one at Ipswich, where he was born, the other at Oxford, where he was bred; and, finding himself unable to endow them at his own charge, he obtained license of Pope Clement VII. to suppress forty small monasteries in England, and to lay their old lands to his new foundations, which was done accordingly, the poor monks that lived in them being turned out of doors. Then King Henry, seeing that the cardinal's power extended so far as to suppress these "lower shrubs," thought his prerogative might stretch so far as to fell down the "great trees"; and soon after he dissolved the priory of Christ's Church, near Aldgate, in London, which was the richest in lands and tenements of all the priories in London and Middlesex. This was a forerunner of the dissolution of the rest of the religious houses, which was brought about in due course.

Another of Mother Shipton's prophecies was:—

A prince that shall never be born
Shall make the shaven heads forlorn.

This alluded to King Edward VI., who was brought into the world by the Cæsarian operation, his birth having cost his mother, Jane Seymour, her life.

Again she foretold the accession of Queen Mary:—

A princess shall assume the crown,
And streams of blood shall Smithfield drown.

The long reign of Mary's successor, Queen Elizabeth, was predicted in the following couplet :—

A maiden queen full many a year
Shall England's warlike sceptre bear.

The destruction of the Spanish Armada in 1588 by the English fleet under Sir Francis Drake was anticipated in two significant lines :—

The Western Monarch's wooden horses
Shall be destroyed by the Drake's forces.

The Union of the Crowns under "bonny King Jammy," and the consequent cessation of the Border wars, suggested the following learned quatrain :—

The Northern Lion from over Tweed
The Maiden Queen shall next succeed,
And join in one two mighty states;
Then shall Janus shut his gates.

The marriage of Prince Charles with the Princess Henrietta Maria of France, his accession to the throne as Charles I., and the assassination of the Royal favourite Buckingham, were summarised in the following lines :—

The rose shall with the lily wed;
The crown then fits the White King's head;
Then shall a peasant's bloody knife
Deprive a great man of his life.

Buckingham was only great, however, in the sense of being the greatest man in favour at Court; and Charles was called the White King merely because at the time of his coronation he was clothed in white.

The next prophecy refers to the troubles commencing in 1630, taking their rise in Scotland, and thence spreading to England :—

Forth from the North shall mischief blow,
And English Hob shall add thereto;
Men shall rage as they were wood,
And earth shall darkened be with blood.
Then shall the counsellors assemble,
Who shall make great and small to tremble,
The White King then, O cruel fate!
Shall be murdered at his gate.

The Cromwellian Protectorship and the Restoration were sung in the same doggerel strain :—

The White King dead, the Wolf shall then
With blood usurp the Lion's den;
But death shall hurry him away,
Confusion shall awhile bear sway
Till fate to England shall restore
A king to reign as heretofore,
Who mercy and justice likewise
Shall in his empire exercise.

The great plague of London in 1665, and the great fire in the following year, are tersely described in a couple of lines :—

Grizly death shall ride London through,
And many houses shall be laid low.

Many other prophecies have been recorded of this remarkable woman, most of them, doubtless, only placed to her name. What we have quoted are interesting as illustrative of the truth of what we read in "The Historie of Philip de Commines, Knight, Lord of Argenton," that "the English are never unfurnished of a prophecy to suit any great occasion."

A stone was erected to the memory of this cunning

woman near Clifton, where she resided at the time of her death, and on it the following epitaph was engraved :—

Here lies one who never lied,
Whose skill often has been tried;
Her prophecies shall still survive,
And ever keep her name alive.



According to some accounts, Mother Shipton, whose Christian name is said to have been Ursula, which means "a she bear," was born in the reign of Henry VII., not at Clifton, but at Knaresborough, in a cottage situated at the foot of the limestone rock out of which the celebrated Dropping Well springs. There is in the same neighbourhood a cavern (shown in our engraving) which goes by the name of Mother Shipton's Cave.

Ullswater and Stybarrow Crag.

MANY writers assert that Ullswater is the grandest of the English Lakes. Undoubtedly the mountain masses around the head of it are scarcely inferior in majesty and impressiveness to those of Wastwater, while for variety and sylvan charms it is quite equal to Windermere and Derwentwater.

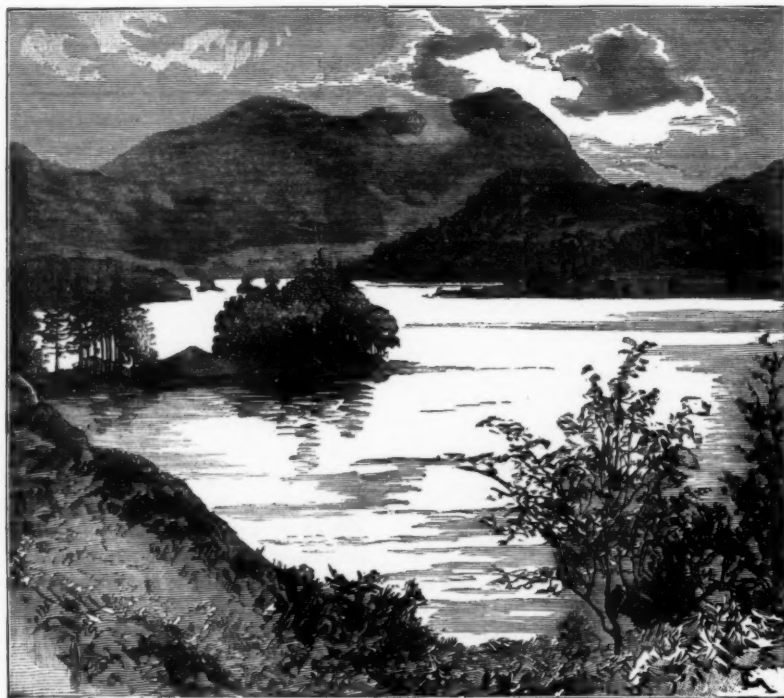
According to tradition, Ullswater derives its name from Ulf, first Baron of Greystock or Greystoke. Hutchinson, a writer on the English Lakes, avers that the lake was sometimes called Wolf's Water, in allusion, as he supposes, to the wolves which used to frequent its

shores. Wolf is the Anglo-Saxon form of Ulf. The Norman form of the name was l'Ulf, the wolf, which name survives in Lynlph's Tower, a castellated shooting box built by a Duke of Norfolk on the site of an old castle, about halfway down the west side of Ullswater.

Ullswater is about seven and a half miles in length, and is so narrow that it has been called the river-lake. Portions of it have reminded some travellers of the Rhine near Coblenz. Other travellers declare that it is Lake Lucerne in miniature. The shape of the lake may be roughly described as that of an elongated S. Ullswater is divided into three divisions or reaches. The upper reach possesses superior attractions to the others. Here the lake broadens to some extent, and three or four diminutive islands add not a little to the interest of the landscape. The view we give of the upper reach is taken from a point at the foot of Place Fell, a noble hill that occupies a conspicuous position to the south-east of the lake. St. Sunday's Crag looms up in the distance, and hides the mighty Helvellyn.

On the opposite shore of the lake is the precipitous Stybarrow Crag, which blocks the way from the north-east. But a narrow footpath at the foot has been

widened, and vehicles can now enter Patterdale from the Penrith district. During the period when moss-troopers made their raids into the Border Counties, a desperate fight—so says tradition—took place at this point. It was known in Patterdale that a predatory band was ravaging the neighbourhood; the peasantry assembled to defend their homes, but they were without a leader. One dalesman, more confident than the rest, named Mounsey, offered his services; being accepted as the chief, he at once planted his followers in a secure position at the Stybarrow Pass. When the marauders arrived, they were attacked with so much energy that they found it prudent to retreat, and did not return. The delighted inhabitants of the peaceful vale at once pronounced Mounsey the King of Patterdale—a title which he enjoyed during his life, and which continued with his descendants for many years. Perhaps it was an empty title, but it was at all events evidence of the goodwill of his neighbours. The view of Stybarrow Crag shown in our engraving is taken from a promontory to the south-east. This part of the lake is very romantic, the combination of lofty cliff and varied foliage producing a striking effect on the eye of the beholder. Whether we



UPPER REACH OF ULLSWATER.

look towards the head of Ullswater, or in any other direction, the view from Stybarrow is enchanting, more especially in the spring and autumn months.

Both our illustrations are reproduced from photographs taken by Mr. Alfred Pettitt, Keswick.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

John of Coupland,

A BRAVE "NORTHUMBRIAN SQUIRE."



ON the 17th October, 1346, upon the Red Hills, near Durham, was fought that fierce battle between an army of Scottish invaders led by King David II. and a body of English troops commanded by Ralph, Lord Neville, which historians designate as the Battle of Neville's

Cross. Already in these pages (vol. i., p. 256) has appeared the story of that terrible struggle; it remains now to tell of John of Coupland, the courageous squire whose daring conduct gave the finishing stroke to the conflict.

The parentage of John of Coupland is involved in obscurity. Harrison, in his "History of the Wapentake of Gilling," constructs a pedigree of the family which begins with "Ulfskill, lord of Coupland, co. Northumberland, temp. Hen. I." In this genealogy John appears as the son of Richard, son of Alan de Coupland, and his wife is said to be Johanna, daughter of Sir John Lilburn, knight. Hodgson, in the "History of Northumberland," does not venture upon a Coupland pedigree, but he describes John of Coupland's wife as Joan, sister of Alan del Strother, of Wallington and Kirkharle—the same Alan, probably, who was with Chaucer at Cambridge, and one of the two scholars who tricked the miller of Trumpington, as described in "The Reeve's Tale." Ritson states that "South Coupland," near Wooler, was the place that gave the hero his name and habitation. No "South" Coupland appears in Northumbrian topography, and no trace can be found of his owning land



STYBARROW CRAG, ULLSWATER.

within the ancient manor of Coupland; but we may give the old chroniclers the benefit of the doubt, and for the present purpose adopt their description of him as a "Northumbrian squire," accepting at the same time Hodgson's theory that he married a Northumbrian wife.

John of Coupland's first appearance in local history gives an indication of his daring and intrepid character. Like others of the Northumbrian gentry, he had been called upon to serve Edward III. against the Scots, and in 1337 he was assisting Lord Salisbury to besiege Dunbar. Failing to reduce the fortress by force of arms, Salisbury resorted to stratagem; he bribed the porter to open the gate to him and his followers. The porter revealed the plot to the garrison, and it was arranged that when Salisbury had entered, the gate should be closed behind him. But Coupland suspected treachery, and when Salisbury was rushing in, he violently forced him back. While they struggled, the portcullis came down between them; Coupland had saved his lord and become a prisoner himself.

How long he remained in captivity is unknown. Not for any length of time, probably, for in 1340 he assisted to defeat an invading party of Scots under the Earls of March and Sutherland. In the treaty which followed, he received an appointment as one of the keepers of the truce, and a substantial reward for his exertions. The king gave him lands in Little Houghton, which had been John Heryng's; in Prendwyk, Ryhill, Reveley, and Alnwick, which had been taken from William Rodom; and in Hedreslawe, which had belonged to Richard of Edmonston. As soon as the treaty came to an end, he was appointed a commissioner for raising forces in the North, and upon this work he was engaged when the king came to Berwick in 1344, and arranged another truce to last for two years.

How this truce, like many others, was broken by the Scots is well known. While Edward and his son, the Black Prince, were away in France, winning Cressy and besieging Calais, the French king prevailed upon David of Scotland to help him in his straits by invading England. David, nothing loth, drew together a numerous army, and crossing the Border near Netherby, advanced through Cumberland, wasted Lanercost, plundered Hexham, captured Aydon Castle, and finally encamped at Beaurepaire, near Durham. The battle of Neville's Cross followed, and then John of Coupland did the deed which has made his name famous through all subsequent time—he took David King of Scots prisoner.

Froissart tells a very pretty story of Coupland's loyalty to his sovereign at this juncture. According to his narrative, Queen Philippa was at Newcastle while the armies were contending, and, mounting her palfrey, rode to the scene of action. Being informed that King David had been taken by a squire named John of Coupland, she ordered a letter to be written commanding him to bring the cap-

tive to her, and reproving him for carrying off his prisoner without leave. When the letter was presented to Coupland, he answered that he would not give up the King of Scots to man or woman except his own lord the King of England, and that he would be answerable for guarding him well. The queen, upon this, wrote to the king, who ordered John of Coupland to come to him in France, and Coupland, placing his prisoner "in a strong castle on the borders of Northumberland," embarked at Dover, and in due time landed near Calais. Froissart is able to tell us exactly what took place—even to the very words that were uttered, but grave doubts are thrown upon the accuracy of the narrative. It is by no means certain that Queen Philippa came northward at the time of the invasion; it is doubted if Coupland went to Calais. But this much is clear—that the king marked his appreciation of Coupland's bravery by conferring upon him substantial rewards and honours. He created him a banneret (a particular mark of distinction for meritorious actions performed on the field of battle, and generally bestowed there), appointed him, at various times, keeper of the royal forests of Selkirk, Peebles, and Ettrick, and captain of Roxburgh Castle, and gave him half the manor of Byker, "which was Robert of Byker's, a rebell"; and various unenumerated manors, lands, tenements, pastures, and rents which formerly belonged to "divers attainted persons." Coupland had also a moiety of the manor of Wooler, three knights' fees in Kynnerston, and lands and tenements in Hibburn and Holthall. In some of the grants he is styled the king's "valettus," or Gentleman of the Privy Chamber; in other documents he appears as one of the king's escheators. He was Sheriff of Northumberland from 1349 to 1356, and at various times during that period the Scottish monarch whom he had taken captive, travelling between England and Scotland in fruitless endeavours to negotiate a ransom, was committed to his custody. Afterwards he became successively a conservator of the truces, Governor of Berwick, Warden of the East Marches, and Sheriff of Roxburghshire. Such were the appointments and emoluments of the man whom the king delighted to honour.

Mr. Robert White, who wrote a full account of the Battle of Neville's Cross in the "*Archæologia Æliana*," and the Rev. John Hodgson, in the "*History of Northumberland*," suggest some doubt about the circumstances which ended Coupland's life. Hodgson says he died at Werk; White, on the other hand, thinks there is truth in Knyghton's statement that he was slain, or rather murdered, in 1362, or the following year, and not by the Scots, but by his own countrymen, "for in 1366 the county of Northumberland obtained a pardon for his death by payment of 1,000 marks." Now, there is no manner of doubt whatsoever as to the way in which John of Coupland lost his life. Hodgson and White both must have overlooked the following entries in the Patent Rolls of Edward III., quoted by Hodgson himself in the

"History of Northumberland," part iii., vol. 2, page 277:—

37 Edw. iii. (1363). Mem. 7.—An inquiry concerning those who killed John of Coupland, one of the keepers [or wardens] of the Scottish Marches and keeper of the town, castle, and county of Roxburgh, killed at Bolton More.

40 Edw. iii. (1366). Mem. 43.—The king grants to Joan of Coupland in fee, all lands and tenements which belonged to John of Clifford, because he killed John of Coupland, her husband, while in the service of the king, &c. [This document is printed in full in the "*Archæologia Eliana*," vol. iii., p. 71, old series.]

Mr. White, in quoting Knyghton as above, has not quite accurately conveyed the meaning of the king's pardon—for the royal rescript, so far from condoning the offence, specially excepts it. The "*Originalia*," quoted by Hodgson on pages 330 and 331 of the same volume, contains this entry:—

40 Ed. iii. (1366). Ro. 5.—The king for a thousand marks, which the men of the county of Northumberland, beyond the liberties of Durham, of Tynedale, and of Hexham, have paid to him, has pardoned to them, and each of them, the suit of his peace which belongs to him, for murders, felonies, robberies, &c., except for the death of John Coupland, the forfeitures of war, and the carriage of wools without customary dues.

It is clear, therefore, that John of Coupland was killed by John of Clifford at Bolton Moor (Bolton, near Glanton, is probably meant), and that his widow obtained the lands of the slayer as compensation for her loss. He was buried in the church of Carham, from whence, by license of Bishop Hatfield, his body was removed for final sepulture to the Priory of Kirkham, in Yorkshire. His widow entered into the possession of his extensive estates, which had been granted for her life as well as his own, but, dying soon afterwards, the greater part of the property passed into the hands of Ingelram, Earl of Bedford, and Isabel his wife, the king's daughter.

Joseph Cownley,

AN EARLY METHODIST PREACHER.

The great religious upheaval which the labours of the brothers Wesley produced throughout England in the middle of last century reached Tyneside at an early stage of its progress. John Wesley came hither in the spring of 1742, and found the people ignorant and wicked beyond conception. "So much drunkenness, cursing, and swearing, even from the mouths of little children," he wrote, "do I never remember to have seen or heard before." Sending his brother Charles in the summer to prepare the way for him, he returned to Newcastle in the autumn of that year, and acquiring from an ancestor of Alderman W. H. Stephenson a piece of land outside Pilgrim Street Gate, he erected the third Methodist place of worship in the kingdom. To this building (sketched in vol. ii.—504) he gave the name of "The Orphan House." Chapel and residence in one, the Orphan House was intended by its founder to form a centre of evangelistic effort in the two

northernmost counties. In it he lived himself when he visited Newcastle; from it he sent his heralds among the neglected people of Northumberland and Durham; around it, as opportunity served, he built up societies, and consolidated the work to which his life was devoted.

Shortly before he came to Newcastle, Mr. Wesley had been preaching at Bath. Among his hearers was a young man named Joseph Cownley, secretary to a West of England magistrate. Under Mr. Wesley's impassioned appeals Mr. Cownley was converted, and about the time that the Orphan House was completed he began to teach and to preach. His gifts were considerable, and Mr. Wesley made him an itinerant minister. Sent to Newcastle, he took up his abode in the Orphan House in March, 1747. Thence he proceeded to Ireland, where he and his colleagues preached at the peril of their lives, for the mob broke up their meetings, and the grand jury of Cork presented them as vagrants. After obeying a brief call to his old duties in Newcastle, he returned to Ireland, and married, in 1755, a Miss Massiot, of Cork. Shortly after that event his health declined, and he came back for the third time to the Orphan House. His disorder rendered him incapable of sustaining the fatigue of incessant travel, and Mr. Wesley, who was accustomed to speak of him as "one of the best preachers in England," permitted him to settle in Newcastle. He officiated at the Orphan House as, in some degree, a fixed minister among the Methodists of the town and its suburbs, and at the same time exercising a spiritual guardianship over the outlying societies. "For nearly forty years," writes one of his biographers, "he may be regarded as the Orphan House minister, having delivered in that hallowed spot several thousands of sermons. Every Tuesday and Thursday evening he was wont to occupy the pulpit, and frequently also on the Lord's Day morning; yet it was generally remarked, 'Mr. Cownley has always something new.'" Outside the town his labours were equally earnest and abundant. From Alnwick to Sunderland, from the harbour of Shields to the valley of the Allen, there was scarcely a village or hamlet in which his voice was not heard.

At the Conference in 1788, Mr. Cownley was appointed to take duty at Edinburgh, and, though quite unfit for the task, he obeyed the call. His stay in Scotland was brief. Increasing debility forced the veteran of the Orphan House to return to his Tyneside home. He had lost his wife in 1774; his eldest son, Massiot Cownley, a surgeon in the army, died from a wound received while fighting a duel in 1780; and now it was evident that the hand of death was closing over him. In September, 1792, returning from Hallington to Prudhoe, his old enemy overtook him, and, though he preached there and at Ovington, it was his last appearance in the pulpit. He was brought to Newcastle, died on the 8th of October, and was buried in the Nonconformist Cemetery at the Ballast Hills.

Sir Cresswell Cresswell,

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S JUDGES.

This family has been seated from an early era in the North of England, Robert de Cresswell having been (according to a MS. taken from old writings) in possession of the estate so far back as the reign of Richard I.—Burke's "*Landed Gentry*."

Cresswell has its name from a spring of fresh water at the east end of the village, the strand of which is grown up with water cresses.—Hodgson's "*History of Northumberland*."

The long line of Cresswells of Cresswell ended towards the close of last century in twin daughters, the offspring of the marriage of "Mad Jack Cresswell" with Kitty Dyer, the accomplished daughter of the Rev. Thomas Dyer, and niece of Dyer the poet. One of these ladies—Frances Dorothea—was united to Francis Easterby, of Blackheath, who, acquiring the moiety of the family estates held by his wife's sister, assumed the name and arms of Cresswell. The eldest son of this marriage, Addison John, inherited the estates, married, and, receiving considerable properties from his wife's uncle, took the name of Baker-Cresswell. He was High Sheriff of Northumberland in 1821 (in which year he commenced to build the present magnificent residence of the family), and sat for the Northern Division of the county in the Parliament of 1841-47. The fourth son of Francis Easterby Cresswell is the subject of this sketch.



Mr. Justice Cresswell.

Cresswell Cresswell was born in 1793, in the Bigg Market, Newcastle, educated at the Charter House, entered Emmanuel College, Cambridge, in 1810, took his degree of B.A. in 1814, and of M.A. in 1818, and then pursuing his studies at the Inner Temple, was called to the bar in 1819, and joined the Northern Circuit. He received the appointment of Recorder of Hull in 1830, ob-

tained the silk gown of King's Counsel in 1834, was elected Conservative M.P. for Liverpool in 1837, became a judge of the Common Pleas and was knighted in 1842, and in 1858 assumed the office of judge of the new Court for Probate, Divorce, and Matrimonial Causes, over which he presided till his death.

The career, the character, and the abilities of Sir Cresswell Cresswell have been portrayed by the masterly hands of two local attorneys—Alderman W. Lockey Harle and Wm. Wealands Robson. Alderman Harle published his sketch in the defunct *Northern Examiner* newspaper, in 1854, when the judge was in the fullness of his prime; Mr. Robson contributed his to the *Newcastle Chronicle* twenty years later, when the subject of it had passed over to the great majority. To reproduce, in an abridged form, the observations of these piquant writers will be more convenient, and certainly more interesting, than to attempt the incorporation of the details which they supply into ordinary biographical narrative. First, then, selections from Mr. Harle's playful delineation:—

Mr. Justice Cresswell was "wooden spoon"—last of the junior optimes—at Cambridge; attempted to unite the fine gentleman with the student, and the wooden spoon was the natural and proper result. He obtained early distinction as an advocate in cases connected with the navigation of ships. His early days were spent much among sailors and fishermen on the rocky and stormy coast of Northumberland. He always knew where the "binnacle" was, and he knew the "cathead" as well as his own. "Halyards," "mainsails," "weather bow," and "iron-knees" were to him familiar as household words. Hence in the old days of "running down" cases, when the Moot Hall was half filled with sailors and sea captains, pilots and underwriters, we always found Mr. Cresswell first favourite. He soon distanced all competitors on the Northern Circuit. He laboured as a reporter of law decisions with Mr. Barnewell; and everybody knows, in a lawyer's chambers, the numerous volumes manufactured by "Barnewell and Cresswell." In managing his cases Mr. Cresswell never declaimed. He was always safe as an advocate—always clear. If his jokes were not very good, or his humour very unctuous, his law was rigid and severe, unquestionable and correct.

In 1837, Mr. Cresswell was returned member for Liverpool with Lord Sandon. Liverpool, in those days, delighted in Tories; Mr. Cresswell was a Tory after Liverpool's own heart. He spoke very little in the House. He supported Sir Robert Peel steadily, and his principal speech was one delivered on the old question of the Danish claims. In 1841 he was again returned with Lord Sandon for Liverpool. His brother defeated Lord Howick that year in Northumberland. The Cresswell interest was consequently strong when Sir Robert Peel took the reins of government; and in February, 1842, Mr. Cresswell became a Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. He was wise in time. The toil of his profession as a leading barrister, and his labours as M.P. for Liverpool, were too much for his frame. He prudently sought the repose of the Bench instead of pursuing, with shattered health, the more uncertain flashes of political distinction.

We think Sir Cresswell Cresswell an admirable judge. He is thought at times to be coldly supercilious. He is merciless, it is true, upon men at the Bar who have no law, and are proud of their speaking. He cares nothing for rhetoric—he must have common sense. Everybody has a wholesome dread of Mr. Justice Cresswell. Still he is a gentleman. Still he is a clever and accurate lawyer. Still he is an Englishman, who can see through a dirty business as soon as anybody. All honour then to the distinguished lawyer born in the Bigg Market! Newcastle has not many distinguished sons hung in frames of

gold on her walls. Let us have space for Mr. Justice Cresswell.

Mr. Robson's account is chiefly anecdotal, the most interesting form in which biography can be written, but requiring an intimate knowledge of the man, his friends and surroundings:—

By far and a long way the best counsel I ever saw was Mr. Cresswell Cresswell. He had all the advantages of a good figure, a handsome face, and a pleasing voice. He was wonderfully successful in gaining verdicts. The secret of his success was obvious enough. He seemed always studiously to put himself on a level with the jury whom he was addressing, and to talk to them not so much collectively as individually. He used to fix his eyes upon, and, as it were, fascinate one jurymen after another until the whole lot were fairly within his net. He did not try to compel conviction; he got it by taking it for granted.

Cresswell used sometimes, in fine weather, to drive from Cresswell to Newcastle in an open brake. Old Tommy Hare then kept the Blue Bell in Bedlington, and besides the excellence of his music Tommy was noted for the excellence of his sherry. Above his mantelpiece Tommy had printed on earthenware that text of the Old Testament which Burns profanely paraphrased about giving wine to him that is heavy of heart. It is said that the great Cresswell occasionally condescended to call, and that he was wont to read the text aloud, ending by quietly observing to Tommy: "Ah, Mr. Hare, it is said the devil can quote Scripture for his own purpose!"

As a judge, Cresswell came the Northern Circuit much oftener than was universally agreeable. Being generally the junior judge, he, of course, sat in the *Nisi Prius* Court at Durham. There he appeared to take a particular malicious pleasure in snubbing his old rivals and associates at the Bar. He carried his politics with him to the Bench. He tried the Thornhill footpath case from Bishopwearmouth with a vast deal of partiality to the plaintiff and prejudice against the defendants. At Newcastle his conduct was still worse. He was said to have chosen the Northern Circuit one assizes on purpose that he might try the case of whipping a journalist. The severe, or rather the savage, sentence shocked the people of Newcastle; their respected fellow-townsmen did not suffer one iota in their estimation, and he has since attained the highest distinctions in their power to bestow.

But, putting aside personal animosities and political prejudices, the ex-leader of the Northern Circuit was a great judge amongst great judges. Like Campbell, Crompton, and Alderson of his own day, and Blackburn of a day later, he had been a law reporter, and the best way to learn law is to write it. As the first judge of the new Divorce and Probate Court, he will go down to posterity with his judgments in his hands. Nothing could have shown his vast mind more signally, or more strikingly, than his quickly learning, and completely mastering, what to him was an entirely new branch of law.

Mr. Robson's reference to the frequency of Sir Cresswell Cresswell's travels northwards as circuit judge is confirmed by official records. Raised to the Bench in 1842, he occurs in the list of judges at Newcastle Assizes every year but two from that date till 1855, when he paid his last judicial visit. After his appointment to the judgeship of the Divorce Court the Northern Circuit saw him no more. He presided over that court—a bachelor settling intricate questions of matrimony—for six years. His death occurred unexpectedly. Fond of exercise, it was his custom in fine weather to ride home from the Divorce Court upon horseback, and he was so riding through St. James's Park in the second week of July, 1863, when Lord Aveland's carriage broke down, and the affrighted horses came into collision with Sir Cresswell

Cresswell and knocked him from his seat. His injuries were not considered serious, but ten days later, on the 29th of the month, as he was entertaining some friends, he was seized with faintness and suddenly expired.

An Eccentric Magistrate.



FOR the better part of half a century, ending about the year 1808, William Ettrick, of the High Barnes, Bishopwearmouth, commonly known as Justice Ettrick, held the honourable position of chairman of the bench of magistrates for Sunderland division of Easington Ward, in the county of Durham. "He was," says Burnett, in his history of that town, "a man of an independent spirit and somewhat of a humourist, in consequence of which he was both feared and respected." Sunderland was then a comparatively small place, separated from Bishopwearmouth by a considerable interval of fields and gardens; and Mr. Ettrick might daily be seen riding down from his residence at High Barnes to the George Inn, in High Street, where the court was held, in all the plenitude of magisterial dignity.

A number of amusing anecdotes are still in circulation about him. He was reputed to be as impartial, strict, and inflexible in his judgments as Rhadamanthus himself. On one occasion, at least, he sat in judgment on his own case, and gave his decision against himself. A neighbouring farmer had sent his carts to market without having his name painted upon them as the law directed; he was brought up for the offence before the Bench, and fined 7s. 6d. and costs, in spite of his having pleaded ignorance of the law. After leaving the court, the man happened to meet Mr. Ettrick's own dung-cart, which was employed in leading manure from the Fish Quay up to High Barnes farm, and he noticed that the cart, like his own, had either no name on it, or that the name was illegible. So he turned back to the court room and gave information against his worship, who, on hearing the case, found he had no alternative but to mulct himself in the same amount which the farmer had just had to disburse.

One day when the Justice was riding down what was then termed the Walk, between Bishopwearmouth and Sunderland, he noticed a crowd of people gazing upon a stranger, whom he found on inquiry to be a prize-fighter just arrived. He immediately sent the man a challenge; but when the boxer found out who was his challenger—no less than the chief magistrate of the place—he was seized with affright and prepared to leave the town at once. In returning home in the afternoon, Mr. Ettrick again perceived a crowd, and, inquiring what was the matter now, was told that it was the pugilist taking his leave.

"Oh! oh!" cried the valiant Justice, "tell him from me he is a great coward. I sent him a challenge and he durst not accept it. If he is afraid to meet me, what would he do if he was matched against Jackson?" Jackson was the champion of the prize ring in that day.

Mr. Ettrick was, during many years, a daily visitor at the house and shop of Mr. James Graham, a highly respected printer and bookseller, 185, High Street East. For an hour or two every day (Sundays excepted), before Mr. Graham's dinner time, it was his constant practice to sit in that gentleman's parlour discussing and relating the news and events of the day, until dinner was placed upon the table, when he uniformly rose from his seat and departed. To the invitation which Mr. Graham always, as a mark not of common politeness and courtesy, put to the worthy magistrate, "Won't you stop to dinner, sir?" his reply was, "Oh, no, I cannot; I have to go to such a place" (naming it). And during the many years he frequented Graham's house, he was never known either to eat or drink in it. His frequenting Mr. Graham's was so well known to his fellow-townsmen, that parties wanting warrants, summonses, affidavits sworn for seamen's protection, or magisterial aid of any description, used to go there to find him, when Mr. Graham's shop was his justice room. Masters of ships wanting to slip off (as they sometimes did) without paying fees for swearing affidavits, were sharply asked by him, "Do you think that Mr. Graham gets his pens, ink, and paper for nothing?" All his fees were laid upon Mr. Graham's counter, and remained untouched by any one until he left the house, when, no doubt, as Mr. Ettrick intended, Mr. Graham took them up and appropriated them to his own use.

Once upon a time, says the late Jeremiah Summers in his History of Sunderland, Mr. Ettrick had an old Scotchman doing something or other about his mansion-house, and when his work was done he was told by the house-keeper to hand in an account of his charge. As a matter of course, the man did so; but, unfortunately, in writing the Justice's name, he spelled it Attrick, and on his presenting it for payment he was told that no such person lived at High Barnes. Some days elapsed before the man got to know the reason why Mr. Ettrick refused to discharge his account, and when at length he was told of his mistake he tried to correct it to the best of his judgment; but, instead of making the matter right, he made it worse, for he wrote it this time Etrick. After several fruitless attempts to see the Justice, he succeeded in getting an audience, when, to keep up the farce, Mr. Ettrick still refused to pay the account, although, to his honour be it stated, he was always very punctual in money matters; but, having learned that his honour was exceedingly fond of a pun, the canny Scotchman pretended to get into a great passion, and plainly told the dispenser of the law that he did not care whether his name was A—trick or E—trick, but if he did not pay him im-

mediately he would play such a trick upon him as would effectually do his trick. This witty reply, adds the historian, had the desired effect; the account was discharged forthwith; and the man was moreover regaled with the best the house afforded.

Amongst his other qualifications, Mr. Ettrick wrote verses, although it would have been a misuse of terms to call him a poet. One of his metrical effusions was a Hudibrastic epitaph, inscribed on a tombstone in Bishopwearmouth Churchyard, which he erected to the memory of George Bee, a day labourer upon his estate at High Barnes, whose death was caused by a man accidentally riding over him. It runs as follows:—

Under this stone his friends may see
The last remains of poor George Bee,
Laborious Bee had oft earn'd money,
As oft hard winters eat the honey;
Of all the Bees were in the hive,
None to'd like him are now alive.
A man more cruel than a Turk
Destroy'd him coming from his work.
Without a word, without a frown,
The horrid monster rode him down.
And thus, tho' shocking to relate,
Poor Bee, alas! met with his fate—
Since life's uncertain, let us all
Prepare to meet Death's awful call.

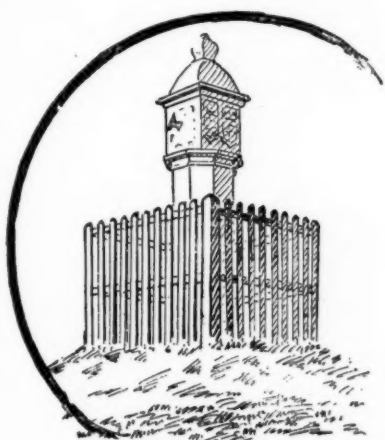
On the 14th September, 1802, Mr. Ettrick made his last will and testament, and, after giving certain pecuniary legacies to his two servants, he went on to say:—"I give unto Robert Allan, of Bishopwearmouth, in the said county [of Durham], Esquire, the sum of one thousand pounds, in trust, to apply the same in causing a marble monument to be erected in the parish church of Bishopwearmouth aforesaid, to commemorate my ancestors (that is to say), Walter, my great-grandfather, Anthony, my grandfather, and William, my late father, to their posterity, and with the most grateful acknowledgments and thankful remembrance of their care of and provision made for their posterity, and with such inscription as he, the said Robert Allan, shall judge proper to be engraven thereon, and I direct that such monument shall be made and erected as soon after my decease as the same can conveniently be done." As regarded his funeral, the testator willed as follows:—"I desire that my body may be buried in the burying place belonging to the house and estate of High Barnes aforesaid, at or about the hour of twelve of the clock at night; that it may be carried in my dung-cart to the grave, and that if I should not then have any, then in any other cart, and not in a hearse; that my coffin may be inch and half oak, without any mouldings, plates, tackets, or ornaments of any kind, without lining, and without covering, and may be put into the grave by four paupers, without the date of the year of my death, or number of years I have lived, and that no mourning of any kind may be used at or about my funeral." The will was proved in the Consistory Court of Durham, on the 18th of June, 1808, by the Rev. William Ettrick, the son and sole executor, and the effects were sworn under £35,000.

Mr. Ettrick died at his seat, High Barnes, on the 22nd February, 1808, in the eighty-third year of his age. As might be anticipated, the instructions contained in his will regarding his funeral were not complied with. Mr. Ettrick frequently told Mr. Richard Hutton during his lifetime to make his coffin according to the directions contained in his will, always concluding his orders with "And you must take me to the church in a cart." Mr. Hutton made the coffin of oak, one inch and a half thick, according to the will, but with a brass plate upon the lid, whereon was engraved the deceased gentleman's name, the date of his death and his age. The funeral took place on the afternoon of Sunday, the 27th of February, in Bishopwearmouth Church, at the usual hour for interments. Among the mourners was Sir Charles Miles Lambert Monck, of Belsay Castle.

WILLIAM BROCKIE.

The Countess's Pillar.

THE Countess's Pillar is situated about a quarter of a mile from Brougham Castle, in Westmoreland. An inscription records the fact that the pillar was erected in 1656, by Anne, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, "for a memorial of her last parting in this place with her good and pious



The Countess's Pillar.

mother, Margaret, Countess Dowager of Cumberland, the 2nd of April, 1616, in memory whereof she also left an annuity of four pounds to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 2nd of April for ever, upon the stone hereby." The pillar is adorned with coats of arms, dial, and other embellishments, and is terminated by a small obelisk. Words-

worth, Rogers, and Mrs. Hemans have each written verses on this memorial of filial affection. The lines of the last of these writers upon it begin :-

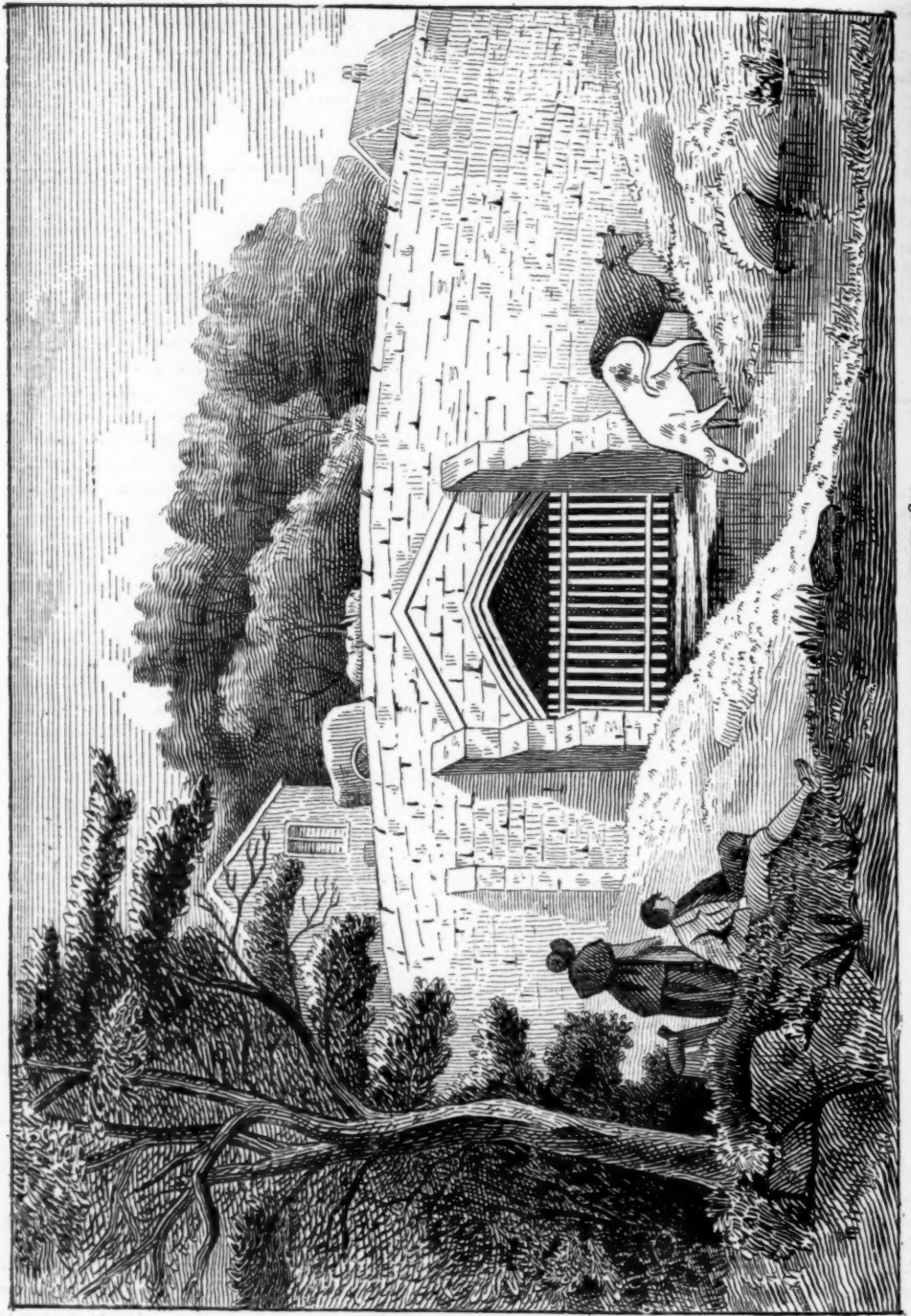
Mother and child ! whose blending tears
Have sanctified the place
Where, to the love of many years,
Was given one last embrace—
Oh, ye have shrined a spell of power
Deep in your record of that hour.

Pandon Dene, Newcastle.

TO write of Pandon Dene is like writing of some departed friend. There is a tender melancholy associated with the place like that associated with the memory of the dead. And when we think of it as it once was—gay with foliage and blossom—and look upon its condition of to-day, buried far beneath a mass of ever accumulating rubbish, our melancholy is not unmingled with regret that so splendid a site for a public park should have been lost the city.

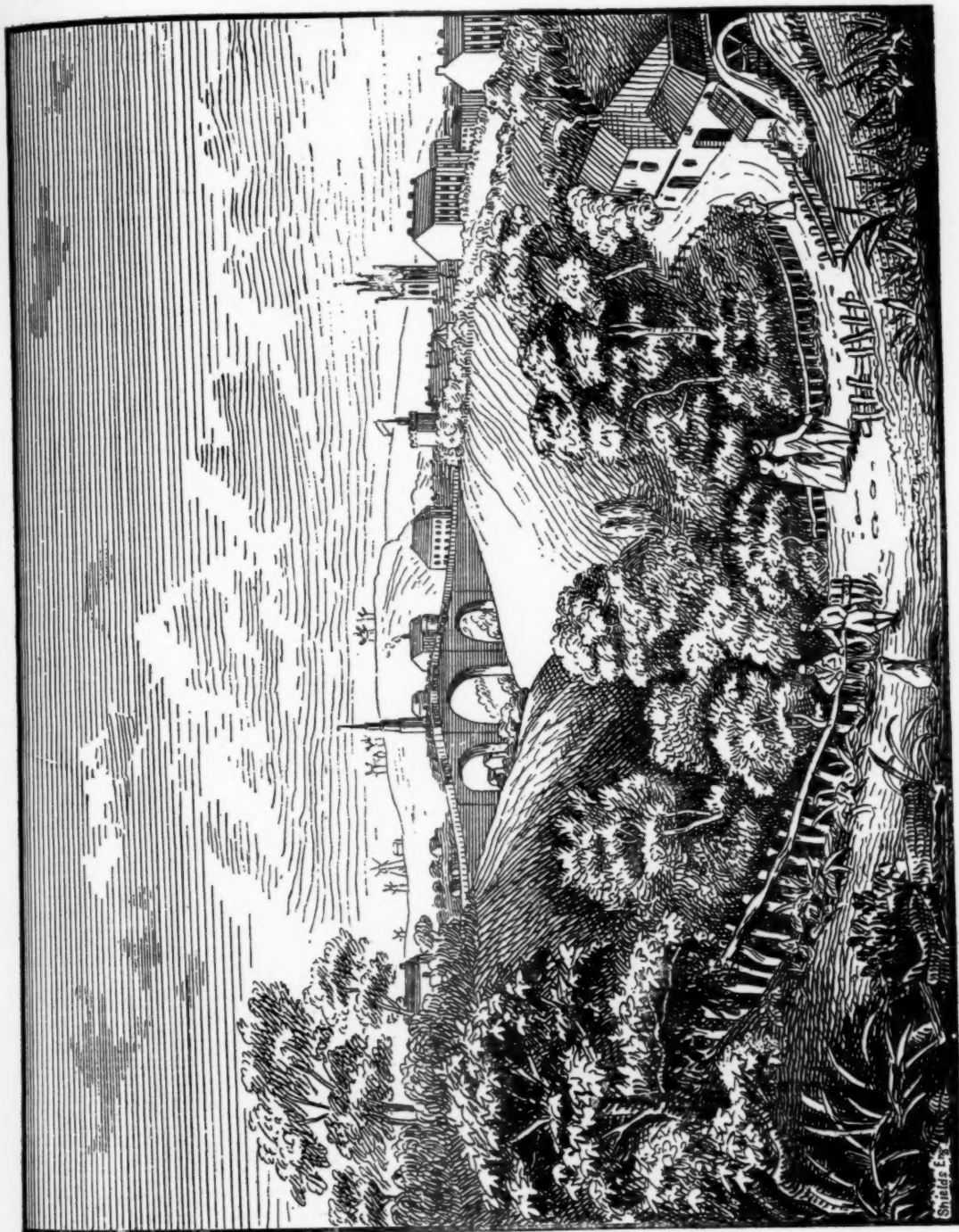
One of the old features of Newcastle, in which it differed from the flat monotony of many towns, was the number of its little valleys, each with its streamlet flowing down the midst, which graced it with so pleasing a variety of hill and dale, and added to the picturesqueness of its situation on the bold sloping banks of the Tyne. Of these little valleys one of the most lovely was that whose blotting out we now deplore. Through it flowed the Pandon or Bailey Burn—rising near Chimney Mills, running between the Leazes and the Moor down to Barras Bridge—then, after receiving its little tributary, Magdalene Burn, about opposite the end of Vine Lane, merrily turning the wheels of the various water mills which nestled down by its side amongst gardens and trees, until it flowed under the Stock Bridge and Burn Bank, and so joined old Father Tyne.

It would take a very big book to contain the history of this little valley and its associations, and its historian might linger long and lovingly over many a spot within its watershed, of deepest interest to lovers of old Newcastle lore. He would have much to say of its two bridges—now bridges only in name : of the Barras Bridge and of the contiguous hospitals of St. James and Mary Magdalene—of the New Bridge and its building. We show in one of our illustrations a view of the former bridge when it was in reality a bridge. The picture is from a drawing made by the elder T. M. Richardson about 1810 ; and, rude as it is, a sufficiently good idea of the former beauty of the spot may be gathered from it. Two of our views show the other, the New Bridge, gracefully spanning the Pandon valley. One is from the north, taken from near the foot of the steps which used to lead down from Shieldfield at the end of the lane called



BARRAS BRIDGE, NEWCASTLE, ABOUT 1810.

— From Drawing by T. M. Richardson, Senior.



PANDON DENE, NEWCASTLE, 1821.

—From Painting by John Lamaden.

"the Garden Tops." It was painted by John Lumsden in 1821, and shows the old water corn mill, afterwards the Pear Tree Inn, the town in the middle distance, and the Windmill Hills at Gateshead beyond. The other (from a painting by James Dewar about 1833) is from the south, from near what was afterwards "New Pandon," and gives us a view of the well-known Mustard Mill in the foreground. The roof of Picton House (now the Blyth and Tyne Railway Station) is seen, on the left, peeping over the parapet of the bridge.

The account of the mills of Pandon Dene would of itself form a goodly chapter in our imaginary historian's book, and would carry the reader far back into the mists of antiquity; for the waters of the burn have turned mill wheels from time immemorial. As far back as 1460 we have recorded the proposed erection of one of these mills. On July 10th of the year named we find the Mayor and community of Newcastle devising to John Ward (formerly Mayor of the town, and founder of the Charity in Manor Chare known afterwards as Ward's Almshouses), along with other lands, "a certain other parcel of waste land, of the trenches called the King's Dykes outside the (Town) Wall, and land within the wall to the extent of forty-two ells in length, from the aforesaid gate (Pandon Gate) and along the wall, and in width the same as the King's Dykes, to hold, etc., for the building and construction upon the said parcel of land, outside the wall, a dam for the mill, &c." (Welford's "Newcastle and Gateshead.")

With this part of Pandon Dene is associated the memory of one of the old worthies of Newcastle, the opulent and munificent Roger Thornton, whose memorial brass is still extant and to be seen in All Saints' Church. After his death in 1430, an inquisition was held to take account of his property, and in the record the name of Pandon frequently occurs in connection with gardens and orchards possessed by him in the vicinity of the Stock Bridge.

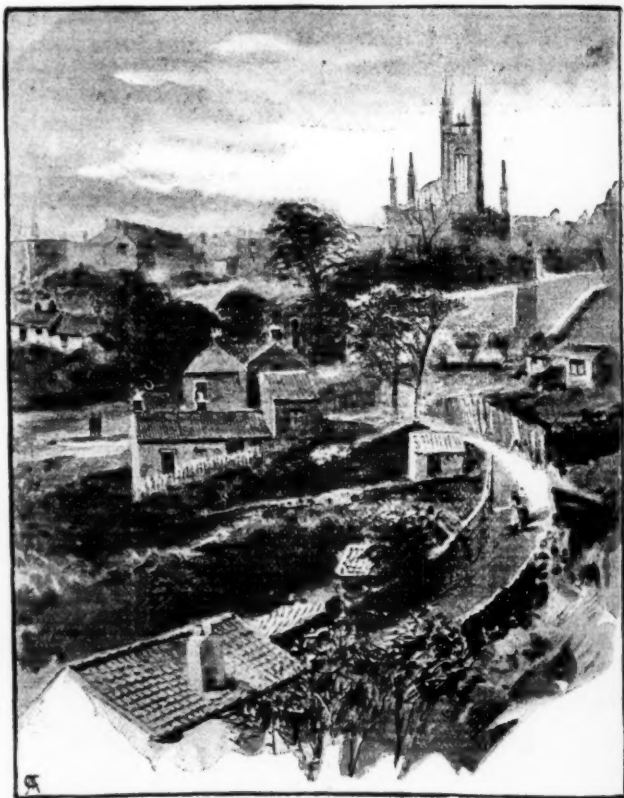
In our own times, besides the two mills already mentioned, there was the Oatmeal Mill, higher up the valley on the left bank of the burn. It is seen in Mr. Jobling's view on this page, which shows some of the old gardens in front of Lovaine Crescent, with the little houses in which many of the occupants lived, the mill house in the middle distance, and St.

Thomas's Church behind. Close by the mill was the cottage of Julia St. George, the famous actress, whose career is sketched elsewhere. We give also another very interesting view, showing Julia St. George's house in the distance, with the footpath leading down by the burn side from near the end of Vine Lane. It is from a pencil drawing made by Mr. Ralph Hedley, after T. M. Richardson, and gives some idea of the old-time rural beauty of the Dene.

Some further idea of the charms of Pandon Dene may be gathered from the following verses which they inspired, and which appeared over the signature of Rosalinda in the *Newcastle Magazine*, Sept. 18th, 1776:—

When cooling zephyrs wanton play,
Then off to Pandon Dene I stray;
When sore depressed with grief and woe,
Then from a busy world I go;
My mind is calm, my soul serene,
Beneath the bank in Pandon Dene.

The feather'd race around me sing,
They make the hills and valleys ring;
My sorrow flies, my grief is gone,
I warble with the tuneful throng:



VIEW IN PANDON DENE.

From Drawing by R. Jobling.

All, all things wear a pleasing mien
Beneath the bank in Pandon Dene.

At distance stands an ancient tower,
Which ruin threatens every hour ;
I'm struck with reverence at the sight,
I pause and gaze in fond delight.
The antique walls do join the scene
And make more lovely Pandon Dene.

Above me stand the towering trees,
While here I feel the gentle breeze ;
The water flows by chance around,
And green enamels all the ground,
Which gives new splendour to the scene
And adds a grace to Pandon Dene.

And when I mount the rising hill,
And then survey the purling rill,
My eye's delighted ; but I mourn
To think of winter's quick return,
With withering winds and frost so keen,
I, sighing, leave the Pandon Dene.

O, spare for once a female pen,
And lash licentious, wicked men,
Your conscious cheek need never glow
If you your talents thus bestow ;
Scarcely fifteen summers have I seen,
Yet dare to sing of Pandon Dene.

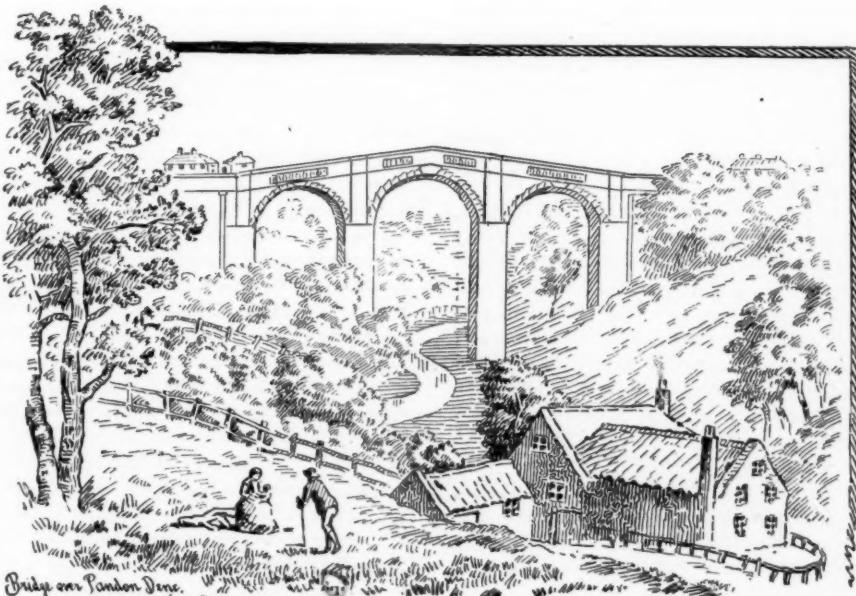
Alas, poor Rosalinda ! both you and the carping critics
of your generation, whose wrath you so modestly
deprecate, and whose "conscious cheek" you so tenderly
seek to spare, are now laid low in the dust. Not you
only, but even the sweet scenes which inspired your
muse. Henceforth, all thoughts and memories of Pandon

Dene shall be but as echoes from the depths of a buried
past, gradually, on each repetition, growing fainter and



more faint, until they die away into the utter silence of
forgetfulness.

R. J. CHARLETON.



Bridge over Pandon Dene.
From painting by James Dower, 1892.

The Savings Bank Tragedy, Newcastle.



FEW people who now pass by the front of the Royal Arcade, Newcastle, are aware of the dreadful story of crime with which the building on the right hand side of the entrance was connected half-a-century ago. That building was then the Savings Bank; the victim of the crime was Joseph Millie, a clerk in the bank; and the murderer, or supposed murderer, was Archibald Bolam, who held the important position of actuary.

The mystery in which the foul deed was enshrouded at the time was but imperfectly dispelled at the trial of Bolam; but shortly afterwards circumstances transpired which cleared up the most serious of the difficulties that judge and jury had had to contend with. It is now known that Bolam was one of that dangerous class of capable men that live a double life. To all outward seeming, he was a trustworthy and straightforward man, a professor of religious opinions, and a citizen who enjoyed the distinguished honour of having, by sheer force of ability and integrity, raised himself from a humble position to one of great responsibility and liberal emolument. In reality, he was a morbid and self-tormenting sensualist, a hypocrite of a peculiarly vile kind, and one who at least held communion with filthy and depraved characters. Joseph Millie was about as different a person as can well be imagined. An unfortunate business career had shown him to be honourable and just to others, whilst he was severe towards himself: and his nature was so amiable and his manners so genial and pleasant as to lead persons not thoroughly acquainted with him to infer a lack of firmness in his nature which really did not exist.

Millie was born in North Shields, where he succeeded his father in an old-established ironmongery business, which he failed to carry on successfully. In order to pay his creditors in full, he reduced himself to his last penny, and for years afterwards he pursued a wandering and uniformly unfortunate business career, until, at fifty-six years of age, he found himself occupied as an occasional clerk in the Newcastle Savings Bank.

Archibald Bolam was born at Harbottle, Coquetdale, in 1797, and was thus forty-one at the time of the murder. Early in life he was a schoolmaster at Holystone. Before he reached the age of twenty years, he drifted to Newcastle. There for some time he held a position as usher in the Percy Street Academy, then kept by Mr. Bruce, father of the venerable and respected Dr. Bruce; he became a member of the Presbyterian body, and kept up for years a correspondence with his old pastor at Harbottle; and finally he secured the appointment of actuary to the Savings Bank. Prosperity appears to have had a bad effect upon him, for soon after he had floated into easy circumstances he quarrelled with his Presby-

terian friends, and ceased his correspondence with the pastor of the Harbottle congregation.

This was the state of affairs with him in the eventful year 1838. His residence at the time was No. 2, Sedgewick Place, Union Lane, Gateshead, his house being kept by a woman named Mary Ann Walker, about whom, afterwards, people had a great deal to say. The first step in the path that led directly to the commission of a great crime seems to have been taken early in the year named. Mr. George Ridley, a gentleman highly esteemed in the town, had been appointed assistant clerk to the actuary of the Savings Bank. For a short time matters went smoothly enough between them; but suddenly Bolam turned round upon his subordinate, and used every endeavour in his power to procure his dismissal from the post. Still it was not till the first days of December that he eventually succeeded in his efforts. The fact was, that he was clearing Ridley out of the way in order to secure the office for Millie, whose employment as an occasional clerk at the bank had dated from the month of March preceding. Bolam had taken a strong fancy to Millie, and had chosen the means referred to for bringing the poor man nearer to him. On the 5th of December, Millie entered upon the duties of his new appointment, and two days afterwards he was murdered under circumstances of revolting brutality.

About two o'clock on the morning of the 7th December, 1838, a servant in the employment of Mr. Robson, lace merchant, whose shop closely adjoined the Savings Bank, discovered that the premises occupied by that institution were on fire. Smoke was found to be pouring out of the windows in volumes, and the police and the fire brigades of the period were quickly summoned to the spot. The engines arrived promptly—their quarters were only about two hundred yards distant—and the fire, which was found to be but a small affair, was soon extinguished. When the firemen entered the premises, they passed into the waiting-room, and proceeded through to a door which gave access to an apartment usually occupied by the actuary and his assistant. One of the firemen attempted to open this door, but found that it was held almost close, apparently by the pressure of some one behind it. The man desisted for a moment in order to summon assistance; but when he tried the door again he found that it opened without any difficulty. Groping their way into the inner room, the firemen stumbled over something lying on the floor. The glimmering light of their lanterns was brought to bear upon the object and its surroundings, when a hideous sight was revealed.

The body of the grey-headed old man, Millie, was seen to be lying face downwards on the hearth-rug, with traces of a terrific death struggle surrounding it. There were no less than twenty wounds on the victim's skull, which had been smashed to pieces; his left jaw and cheek bone were broken; the hearth-rug was literally saturated with blood; and blood,

brains, and hair bespattered the chairs, walls, and wainscoting nearest to the spot. By the side of the dead man lay the poker, which had evidently been the instrument used by the murderer, for it was covered with blood and hair. Close to the victim's feet were the tongs belonging to the set of fire irons. They lay as if they had dropped from the murdered man's hands, after being used in an ineffectual attempt at self-defence. A cursory examination of the body led to the belief that the firing of the premises had been accomplished for the purpose of hiding the evidence of murder, as the poor man's pockets were found to have been stuffed with coals and paper. After noting these details, the firemen continued their search round the room, in a corner of which they found a man lying, apparently, in a state of insensibility. The man was Archibald Bolam, who appeared to be suffering partly from the effects of the smoke, which still almost filled the room, and partly from a slight wound in his throat. No blood was on the floor where he lay. When he was discovered, he opened his eyes intelligently, and then shut them without any reasonable cause for so doing, creating an impression amongst the firemen that he was shamming. There was a small quantity of blood on a desk near the spot, together with a blood-stained desk-knife, with which it seemed that the scratch wound on his throat had been inflicted.

Bolam was conveyed to the house of Mr. Glenton, chemist, close at hand, where he was attended by Dr. Nesham and Dr. Walker, who found nothing serious the matter with him. Here he was waited upon by two magistrates, Mr. Alderman Dunn and Mr. Woods, to whom he gave his version of the occurrence. The purpose of Bolam's story was to fix the commission of the crime upon some mysterious and unknown person, from whom he declared he had received threatening letters as recently as the previous day. In consequence of this, he stated that he quitted the bank on the previous evening, leaving no one on the premises, and proceeded to his home in Gateshead. When he came back, he found the bank door as he had left it; but, upon entering the inner room, he saw Millie lying on the hearth-rug. Believing that Millie was asleep, he proceeded to his desk, but had no sooner opened the lid than a man with a blackened face struck him a blow on the right temple. Bolam ran shouting to the windows, which looked out upon one of the most frequented thoroughfares of the town; but the man threatened to kill him as he had done Millie, and ultimately knocked him down and attempted to cut his throat. Such was Bolam's story.

The inquest on the body of Millie was opened the same afternoon—just twelve hours after the discovery of the murder—at an old-fashioned hostelry, the Blue Posts, Pilgrim Street. News of the tragedy had by that time spread all over the town, and the street in front of the old inn was densely packed by excited crowds. Before the coroner, Bolam repeated substantially the same story

that he had told the justices in the morning; but at the adjournment of the inquest, three hours afterwards, he was given into custody. Ultimately a verdict of "Wilful murder against Archibald Bolam" was returned, and the prisoner was remitted for trial to the Spring Assizes, due to be held in the month of March succeeding.

Meanwhile, a strong feeling against Bolam had developed in the town. Metaphorically, he was arraigned at the bar of public opinion, convicted of murder and crimes yet more horrible, and sentenced to undergo the extreme penalty of the law. Then an uneasy suspicion gained possession of the public mind that Bolam was powerfully befriended, and that in his case the ends of justice would be defeated. Thus it became necessary to take strict precautions for his protection from the summary vengeance of an infuriated mob when he journeyed between the gaol and the courts.

A true bill was in due course found against him at the March Assizes for the town; but applications to postpone the trial until the succeeding Midsummer Assizes, and to transfer it to the court for the county of Northumberland, were successfully made. The case was eventually heard before Mr. Justice Maule, on July 30th, 1839. The evidence for the prosecution showed that the bank porter left Bolam and Millie sitting together "like brothers" at half-past three o'clock on the afternoon of the murder. Millie, who lived with his wife in the Croft Stairs, never reached his home again. Bolam, however, was known to have visited his house in Gateshead later in the day, and, from the evidence of a neighbour, who heard a breaking of glass, it is supposed that he had entered by a window from the rear. The evidence of his housekeeper, Mary Ann Walker, furnished confirmation of this visit; but her deposition was of such an unsatisfactory character that it was under consideration for a time to place her in the dock as an accessory, after the fact, to the crime. She admitted that she had sponged the sleeve of the coat Bolam was wearing, where a close examination afterwards disclosed bloodstains and smears. The theory of the prosecution was that a sudden quarrel had arisen between Bolam and Millie; that the former had furiously assailed the unfortunate clerk, and had beaten out his brains; that the murderer had then gone home, where the marks left upon him by the struggle had been, with the aid of Walker, as far as possible, obliterated; and that on his return to the bank he had resolved on firing the place, hoping that he might escape whilst the body was consumed, or desperately electing to take his chance with the story of a disguised murderer. The prosecution stopped short at a theory of motive for the murder, and no reference to the horrible stories current outside was made in court. The prisoner's defence was conducted by Mr. Dundas, who adhered pretty closely to the narrative first given by Bolam. The jury accepted the theory of a quarrel and probable affray, as propounded by the prosecution, and Mr. Justice Maule, who was accused by

the excited people of summing up favourably for the prisoner, sentenced Bolam to transportation for life.

What became of Bolam after he was transported does not seem to have been generally known till 1889, when a question on the subject in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* elicited some curious information. Mr. James Patterson, residing in Tasmania, made inquiries which established the fact that one Archibald Bolam presented a sun dial to the Botanical Gardens, Sydney, New South Wales, and that this Archibald Bolam was identical with the person who was transported in 1839. A Sydney gentleman, Mr. Reynolds, sifted the matter thoroughly, and in the course of a letter to Mr. Patterson stated:—

An old lady who was a neighbour told me that, two hours before Mr. Bolam died, he said he had something to say to her that was much disturbing his mind, as he felt his death was near. He then said, as nearly as she can remember:—"Mrs. R——, both your family and yourself have treated me for years as a friend and a good neighbour, as if I had never been a lag, and have hidden all the pains and sorrows that are generally attached to such a name. Now, as I am about to go before my God, I declare to you I am innocent of the crime for which I was sent out here. I never committed the offence, and, if I had been inclined to do such a deed, I never had any cause to do so." He then asked her to hand him a small brooch, with a gold wreath rim and crystal centre, covering a lock of very fair hair. This he kissed tenderly, and handed it back to her, saying, "That is all that remains of the only woman in this world whom I ever loved." He also told her that, some time previously, he had saved up over £200, and invested that sum in the purchase of an annuity, the first instalment of which would be due in a few days or weeks, but that he feared he should not live to enjoy much of it.

The following is a copy of the inscription on a tombstone in the graveyard of St. Stephen's Church, Sydney:—

Sacred
to the memory of
ARCHIBALD BOLAM,
who died 25th December, 1862,
aged 67 years.

This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, "Here lies an honest man."

A. B. 70, 793. 1862.

Bolam, however, must not be assumed to have been innocent. Speaking of the motive of the crime as revealed to him by a Newcastle resident of Sydney, Mr. Reynolds says:—"It was a terrible story; if not the worst I have heard, certainly the worst for many years, and sufficiently sickening to bury."

pleasant reading, but it is a bit of local history that cannot properly be omitted from any representative collection of North-Country episode and incident.

Surtees ("History of Durham," vol. iv.) prints a pedigree of the Cradock family, from which it appears that Dr. Cradock was a son of John Cradock, of Newhouses, in Baldersdale. Appointed vicar of Gainford, "the Queen of Durham villages," in 1594, he acquired property in the parish, and erected the mansion house of Gainford Hall, a picturesque many-gabled building, over the north door of which his name and arms, with the date of erection (1600), may still be seen. His promotion in the Church was rapid, and his preferments numerous and valuable. Upon the death or removal of Michael Colman, B.A., he obtained the living of Woodhorn, in Northumberland, another rural retreat, combining views of great beauty over both sea and land. Bishop Neile, in 1619, made him Archdeacon of Northumberland, but this appointment he resigned a few months afterwards to become the bishop's spiritual chancellor and Vicar-General. To heighten his dignity he was collated prebendary of the fifth stall in Durham Cathedral, and made a Justice of the Peace; to increase his emoluments he was presented to the living of Northallerton.

Soon after Dr. Cradock's elevation to the spiritual chancellorship charges of a serious nature began to circulate in the diocese respecting the administration of his office. There were reports against him of extortion and abuse, if not of peculation and fraud. On the 28th of May, 1621, his conduct, and that of a similar offender, Dr. Lambe, were brought before the House of Commons. The proceedings dragged on till May, 1624, when Sir Henry Anderson, one of the members for Newcastle, tendered another petition against him. Under date the 22nd of that month the Journals of the House contain a portentous report, from which we learn the nature of the offences with which Dr. Cradock was charged. Written in the jerky style which the long-hand chronicler of the proceedings usually adopted, the report reads as follows:—

Mr. Lenthall reporteth from the Committee for Cradocke.—That his [he is] a High Commissioner for Durham, a Justice of Peace, and a Chancellor: Found to be a great Offender in all these: Confoundeth these several Jurisdictions, making the one to help the other.—1. A Sequestration of one Ashen's Goods, worth 1000l which very ordinary there. A Sequestration granted to Two Strangers. They ransacked the House, seized upon divers bags: This was done at the Funeral-sermon. The Will being found, and Hawden Executor of it, could not get the will proved. A second Sequestration granted. Cradocke, breaking open the House, as a Justice of Peace, ransacked it: Offered an Oath, *ex-officio*, to the Executor; and, upon that, asked him what he had done with the Bags of Money. New Sequestrators again appointed, his man Sompner, &c. These ate up all the Provisions of the House: Took Hawden, and sent him to the Gaol, for a Force: Could not be released till 20 Pieces given; and then fined him 50l to the Bishop of Durham. This done out of any Sessions. 6l Fees paid. No Act of Sequestration in all this Time made.—Thus also did in Rand's case.—A forged Excommunication, as Mr.

The Story of Dr. Cradock, an Ill-Fated Churchman.



OCIETY in the Northern Counties of England was scandalised during the reign of James the First by serious allegations against a clergyman who held high office in the diocese of Durham. The dignitary whose fame was so roughly handled was John Cradock, D.D., and he occupied the exalted position of spiritual chancellor and Vicar-General of the diocese. The narrative is not very

Richardson offereth to swear; Bribes taken as a Justice of Peace; and all the Offences reported in Dr. Lambe. That the Opinion of the Committee was, that this Man deserved greater Punishment than Lambe.

What punishment Dr. Cradock received, if any, is not recorded. Within a week from the presentation of this report Parliament was dissolved, and it did not meet again till the 21st of June, 1625, when Charles I. had ascended the throne. The new Parliament had weightier matters to attend to, and, perhaps, they left this business to the ordinary tribunals. Dr. Cradock's sons, however, kept the scandal alive. Resenting the allegation of Mr. Richardson (afterwards solicitor-general to Bishops Mathew and James) about the forged excommunication, they took a singular method of vindicating their father's reputation. On the 22nd of December, 1625, these youths and others, about nine o'clock at night, went, and kept such a rapping at the doors and lower windows of Mr. Richardson's house in the Bailey, Durham, as "frighted his wife," and "one Rangel going out of the house with a ruler in his hand to see what the matter was, the defendants took his ruler from him, and struck him therewith on the face, to the effusion of his blood," kicked him, spurned him, pursued him, and hit him again, saying that "if he had not enough he should have enough," &c. For this offence, three of the Cradocks were committed to the Fleet, fined £50 a-piece, and bound to their good behaviour for a year.

A curious case, reported in the "Acts of the High Commission Court of Durham," illustrates the feeling entertained towards Dr. Cradock among his neighbours. On the 19th January, 1627, as he was walking down the middle aisle of Durham Cathedral in his surplice and hood, with Charles Slingsby, Rector of Rothbury, "whilst the Letanye was solemnlye in readinge and singinge," there appeared before him his old accuser John Richardson; Thomas Gill, a well-known attorney; Mr. Timothy Comyn, under-sheriff of the county; and Matthew Vasie, Richardson's clerk; and then and there "in contempte of the place, the person, and the tyme," Gill delivered to the under-sheriff a writ of attachment against the doctor and demanded his arrest, which the under-sheriff promptly performed. At the same time Vasie served him with "his Majesties writte of subpoenae forthe of the highe courte of Starre Chamber, which Dr. Cradocke dewtifullye and quietlye receyved." Gill was brought before the High Commission in October to answer for this offence against the Church. The proceedings were continued till December, when a tragedy occurred in the vicarage of Woodhorn which probably put an end to them. Dr. Cradock died there three days after Christmas, and upon investigation it was found that he had been poisoned. Suspicion fell upon his wife, Margaret, daughter of William Bateman, of Wensleydale, and she was accused of the crime and tried, but was acquitted. This is the last we hear of Dr. Cradock. Hodgson, following Hutchinson, states that he was buried

at Woodhorn; Surtees represents him to have been buried at Durham. None of them mentions the erection of any monument to his memory.

Dr. Cradock was the father of a numerous family. Seven sons and three daughters came of the union which ended so dismally. One of the former became Sir Joseph Cradock, Knt., LL.D., Commissary of the Archdeaconry of Richmond; one of the latter, Margaret, married the Rev. John Robson, M.A., Rector of Morpeth, whose election, in 1620, as one of the members for the borough, led to a memorable parliamentary discussion, ending in a declaration that the clergy are ineligible for seats in the House of Commons.

RICHARD WELFORD.

Robert Browning.



ALTHOUGH the great poet, Robert Browning, who died in Italy on December 12, 1889, had no direct connection with the North of England, there were two circumstances in his career which were specially interesting to North-Country people.

Mr. Browning was married many years ago to Elizabeth Barrett, whose poetic gifts were as eminent as those of her husband. For a very long time there was considerable doubt and controversy as to the exact place at which Mrs. Browning was born. It was known that she first saw light in the county of Durham; but many residences were suggested as the locality of the event—such as Burn Hall, Carlton Hall, &c. Mr. Browning himself seems to have had no positive knowledge on the subject. The discussion, however, induced the Rev. Canon Burnet, vicar of Kelloe, to examine the registers of that parish. The result of the reverend gentleman's investigations was the discovery of the entry which settled all dispute. The record in the register of Kelloe Church, so far as it relates to Mrs. Browning's birth, reads thus:—"Elizabeth Barrett Moulton Barrett, first child of Edward Barrett Moulton Barrett, Esq., of Coxhoe Hall, a native of St. Thomas's, Jamaica, by his wife Mary, late Clarke, of Newcastle, born March 6th, 1806." A full account of the whole matter, including a letter from Mr. Burnet himself, will be found in the *Monthly Chronicle* for 1889, pp. 303, 378.

The second circumstance of interest has reference to one of the dead poet's poems. Mr. Browning made Charles Avison, a celebrated Newcastle organist of the last century, a sort of peg on which to hang his "Parleyings with Certain People of Importance in Their Day." It is of Avison that he thus sings:—

Of worthies who by help of pipe or wire
Expressed in sound rough rage or soft desire,
Thou whilome of Newcastle organist.

The biography of Avison appeared in the *Monthly Chronicle* for 1888, p. 109, and a portrait in the volume

for 1889, p. 170. The great organist lies buried in St. Andrew's Churchyard, where his tombstone is so much decayed that the inscription is now illegible. It occurred to Mr. John Robinson, who was instrumental in restoring the tombstone of the poet Cunningham, that the tombstone of Avison ought also to be restored. A proposition to this effect was made in a letter which was printed in the *Weekly Chronicle* some time ago. Mr. Robinson subsequently communicated with Mr. Browning on the subject, and from him he received the following letter :—

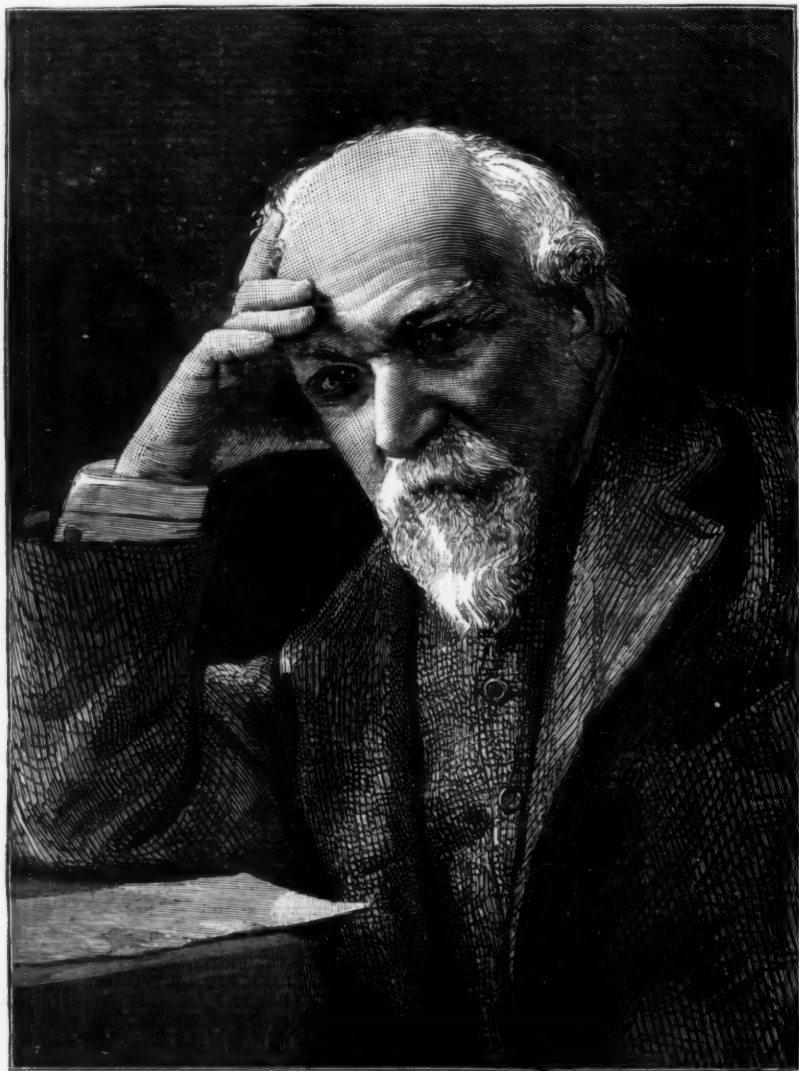
Asolo, Venito, Italy, Sept. 30, 1889.

Dear Sir,—I am much obliged by your exceedingly kind and interesting letter, and the information it gives

of the praiseworthy project of which you are author—that of restoring the tombstone of a good old English musician. Honour to Avison, and honour to you! Pray let me contribute in my becomingly modest degree to so proper an enterprise by engaging to send a small subscription to the fund whenever I return to London, as I am at a loss to know how I could conveniently do so from this out-of-the-way place. And pray believe me, dear sir, yours most sincerely,

ROBERT BROWNING.

The last photograph for which Mr. Browning sat was taken by Mr. Grove, 174, Brompton Road, London. It is from this photograph that our portrait has been copied. We have only to add that the mortal remains of the poet have been deposited with those of the illustrious dead in Westminster Abbey.



ROBERT BROWNING.

Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham.

JOSEPH BARBER LIGHTFOOT, Bishop of Durham, one of the greatest scholars and most estimable men that ever occupied the See of the Palatinate, died at Bournemouth, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health, on Saturday, December 21, 1889. The remains of the deceased prelate were interred on December 27 in the chapel at Auckland Castle, Bishop Auckland.

The great Churchman was born in Liverpool in 1828. Educated at Birmingham and Cambridge, he was ordained by the Bishop of Manchester in 1854. But while thus fully equipped for the sacred office he remained for some time closely identified with his university. As tutor of Trinity College, his influence was unrivalled. In due course his ample powers and distinguished attainments received recognition. He was appointed a select preacher at Cambridge and Oxford, University preacher at Whitehall, honorary chaplain to the Queen, chaplain to the Prince Consort, and canon of St. Paul's.

The first announcement of the appointment of Dr. Lightfoot as Bishop of Durham, on the resignation of Dr.



DR. LIGHTFOOT, BISHOP OF DURHAM.

Baring, was made on the 28th of January, 1879. The confirmation of the election took place in the parish church of St. James's, Piccadilly, London, on the 10th of April. Next came the consecration in Westminster Abbey, on the 25th April, the ceremony being performed by the Archbishop of York, assisted by the Bishops of London, Winchester, Ely, Truro, Carlisle, Manchester, and Sodor and Man. The preacher on the occasion was the Rev. Canon Westcott, Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge. There was an immense congregation, hundreds being unable to obtain admission. On the 13th of May, Dr. Lightfoot arrived at Durham, where he was officially received by Dean Lake, and on the 15th of the month the enthronement of his lordship took place in the Cathedral. With few exceptions, the whole of the clergy of the diocese were present, as well as many of the most influential members of the laity.

On the 27th of May, the bishop performed his first official act by consecrating the new church dedicated to St. Edmund, at Bearpark, near Durham. The first diocesan meeting at which he presided was that held in Bishop Cosin's Hall, Durham, on the 6th of June, on behalf of the National Society for the Promotion of Religious Education.

It was on the 14th of June that Dr. Lightfoot paid his first official visit to Newcastle, when he preached a sermon in St. Nicholas' Church, in aid of the Restoration Fund, in connection with which a debt of £700 still remained. The Mayor, the Sheriff, and a large number of the magistrates, aldermen, and councillors of the borough were present, with members of the consular body of the town in their uniforms, and the church was crowded to excess. Before commencing his discourse, his lordship referred to the object of the service. For himself, he said, he held it a privilege that his first words in that ancient town, and in that their venerable church, should be an appeal on behalf of so good a cause. It should be the endeavour and the prayer of all there—whatever might have been their opinion on the division of the diocese in the first instance—that the creation of the new See of Newcastle should take effect at the earliest date possible. A state of transition was always unsatisfactory, and could not with advantage be prolonged. That being so, it was a matter of the highest moment that they should hand over that time-honoured and beautiful fabric to be the cathedral of the newly-created See, not only duly restored and furnished, but free from the encumbrance of debt.

To the creation of the new diocese of Newcastle his lordship devoted himself with unflagging energy and enthusiasm. Indeed, from his entrance upon the duties of the diocese he evidently regarded it as a work of the highest importance, and in furtherance of that object he addressed a series of meetings in various parts of the counties of Northumberland and Durham. One of the largest and most influential of these gatherings was held

in the Guildhall, Newcastle, on the 2nd of June, 1881. In opening the proceedings on that occasion his lordship stated that it had always been a satisfaction to him when he came to preside at any meeting or to perform any episcopal function in Newcastle to recollect that the name by which he was known—the name of Joseph Barber—was one which he had inherited through four generations from a worthy citizen of Newcastle.* The success which attended the Newcastle meeting was of a most encouraging character, and such was the favourable response to the bishop's appeals in the various parts of the diocese that about twelve months afterwards the new diocese was practically formed. The bishop appointed, as is well known, was the Right Rev. Dr. Wilberforce, the present occupant of the See, whose enthronement took place in August, 1882. Farewell addresses were upon the occasion presented to Dr. Lightfoot by the members of the City Council, the Master and Brethren of the Trinity House, and a large number of the general public. In responding to these tributes of gratitude and respect, Dr. Lightfoot stated that he at least would carry away nothing but bright memories of his connexion with Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Thus released from the responsibilities of a large and populous district, his lordship applied himself with all the energy and vigour of which he was possessed to the promotion of the moral, religious, and social interests of that portion of the diocese contained within the boundaries of the county of Durham. One of the earliest movements in this direction was a scheme of church extension. During Bishop Lightfoot's episcopate there was raised for this purpose a sum of £138,000, while upwards of forty places of worship have been added to the diocese. Dr. Lightfoot was himself a most munificent contributor to the work of church extension. In a letter which he addressed to the Rev. Canon Mathie, of Hendon, Sunderland, he intimated that at the close of seven years of his episcopate he was desirous of building a church as a thank-offering for the many and great blessings which he had received since he came to Durham, and that the parish of Hendon had naturally occurred to him as the fittest locality. It was by far the most populous in the diocese, while at the same time, being inhabited chiefly by working men, it could not be expected to contribute very largely to such an object from its own resources. The project was carried out with every possible expedition, and the bishop had himself the satisfaction of consecrating the new church of St. Ignatius the Martyr on the 2nd of July, 1889.

* Joseph Barber, bookseller, Amen Corner, Newcastle, died on July 4, 1781, aged 74. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1888, pp. 158-455.) A few months after the above allusion to his ancestors, his lordship caused to be erected in old St. Nicholas' Churchyard a new monumental stone in place of that which had previously covered their remains.

To the various charitable and philanthropic institutions of the two counties of Northumberland and Durham his lordship was a most generous contributor. One of the earliest associations of this description in which he exhibited a practical interest was that of the Wellesley Training Ship, at an annual meeting of which he presided shortly after his arrival in the North. He also proved a warm and liberal supporter of the Northumberland and Durham Miners' Permanent Relief Fund, and on the occasion of the unfortunate accident at Seaham Colliery, in 1880, he made a special appeal to the clergy and laity on behalf of the society. As a resident in the palace at Bishop Auckland, Dr. Lightfoot manifested a lively interest in the welfare of the town and district, and soon after his arrival there he generously built at his own cost an institute for the Young Men's Christian Association, the site for which he also provided.

Dr. Lightfoot's literary works were chiefly of a theological character. Most of them have been so highly appreciated that several have passed through no fewer than nine editions. Of one of these productions—"St. Ignatius and St. Polycarp"—the *Times* lately remarked that it is "a monument of learning which can be paralleled only by the works of the greatest scholars of the past."

The Newcastle Riot of 1740.

IN the winter of 1739-40, emphatically styled "The Hard Winter," intense frost lasted for nine weeks, beginning at Christmas and continuing till the latter end of February. It was equally severe all over Northern Europe. In Russia, the Empress Anne took advantage of it to cause a palace of ice to be built on the bank of the Neva. This edifice, constructed of huge quadrats of ice hewn in the manner of freestone, was fifty-two feet in length, sixteen in breadth, and twenty in height. The walls were three feet thick. In the several apartments were tables, chairs, beds, and all kinds of household furniture of ice. In front of the palace, besides pyramids and statues, stood six cannon, carrying balls of six pounds weight, and two mortars, of ice. From one of the former, as a trial, an iron ball, with only a quarter of a pound of powder, was fired off; the ball went through a two-inch board at sixty paces from the mouth of the cannon, and the piece of ice artillery, with its carriage, remained uninjured by the explosion. The illumination of the ice-palace at night had an astonishingly grand effect. In this country, of course, there was neither the means nor the disposition to construct any such ephemeral building; but festivities and diversions of all kinds took place upon the ice. The river Thames was covered with such a thick crust that a

multitude of people dwelt upon it in tents, and a great number of booths were erected for the entertainment of pleasure-seekers.

The Tyne was hard frozen over for many weeks, to the entire stoppage of trade. Tents were set up, shows exhibited, and various games played on the glassy surface. So intense was the cold that the air in some of the coal pits could not be borne by the workmen without a fire at the bottom. At Tanfield Colliery one of these fires led to what might have been a woeful catastrophe. The boys were ordered to put it out after the men had left; but, instead of doing so, they spread it abroad carelessly among some straw, which immediately took fire. The flame caught two casks of oil standing near, and the oil set fire to the coal, which burnt with such violence, and rarefied the air to such a degree, that a strong draught set in from the adjacent galleries and shafts, and changed the pit into a bellowing volcano, thundering out eruptions of hot cinders of considerable weight to an incredible height and distance. One day in the month of January, Mr. John Fenwick, of Bywell, had a tent erected upon the river, and gave a grand entertainment in it, on the occasion of his son's birthday. A large sheep was roasted whole, over a fire made on the ice; cannons were fired with air-splitting huzzas; and barrels of strong ale were broached and emptied; while Mr. Fenwick's coach and two horses drove up and down and across the river with several ladies and gentlemen in it. In the second week of February, the Tyne being still frozen over, the principal coalfitters, headed by Sir Henry Liddell, Bart., Mr. Edward Montagu, and Mr. George Bowes, set two hundred men to work to cut away the ice and open the channel from below Newcastle to their staiths above bridge, a distance of nearly a mile and a half. This work was accomplished in about a week, without any fatal accident having occurred; but when an attempt was made to clear away the ice from the staiths belonging to some of the other coalowners, two men unfortunately were drowned, which stopped the proceedings. The gentlemen connected with the coal trade on the Wear followed the example of their rivals on the sister river, and with like partial success. The ice on the Wear at Durham was so strong that carriages and horses daily travelled on the surface. A foxhunt was moreover improvised, a tame Reynard being cruelly used for the purpose; and the poor animal, we are told, "afforded great diversion," after which "three tar barrels were burnt below Framwellgate Bridge."

When the frost was at the keenest, the cold was so intense, and coals and other fuel rose to such a price, that many poor people throughout the country were chilled to death. Out-door work of any kind was next to impossible, and thousands of handicraft men and labourers were laid idle. All sorts of provisions, likewise, be-

came scarce and dear; and it was even difficult to get an adequate supply of water. During this time of distress, many wretched families must have perished by cold and hunger had not those in easier circumstances been inspired with humanity and compassion. Among the many gentlemen in Durham and Northumberland who extended the hand of benevolence to the poor, Walter Blackett, Esq., M.P. for Newcastle, was one of the most conspicuous. He ordered £350 to be distributed in the following parishes, viz., in Newcastle, St. Nicholas' and St. John's, £40 each; All Saints' and St. Andrew's, £60 each; and in Gateshead, Hexham, &c., £50 each. The Corporation of Newcastle also gave £50 to each of the four parishes of the town; and the senior alderman and governor of the Merchants' Company, Matthew Ridley, Esq., permitted the poor people to carry away as much fuel as they pleased from his heaps of small coal.

But corn, during the ensuing summer, became so dear and scarce that an absolute famine seemed impending; and able-bodied men, with their wives and children sore pinched for want of food, grew as savage and ferocious as bull-dogs. No wonder, then, that the people assembled in dangerous threatening mobs in many populous places all over the kingdom. At Durham, on the weekly corn-market day (June 14th) their leaders offered 8s. per boll of two bushels for wheat, which was less than half the price the farmers were asking. The farmers having refused to accept the proffered sum, the people seized the corn, on which blows ensued, and several on both sides were wounded. A week later a great mob assembled at Sunderland, seized all the wheat they could lay their hands on, and sold it at 4s. a bushel.

At Newcastle a clamorous mob assembled on the 9th of June; but, upon a promise being given to them that, if they would only remain quiet, they should have grain at a much lower price than it had lately been, they were pacified for that day and dispersed. Meanwhile, a sort of volunteer local militia was organised at the instance of Mr. Alderman Ridley. The associates, according to Alderman Hornby, were mostly young men, several of whom were merchants' apprentices, and on account of their wearing white stockings they were called and long afterwards remembered by the name of the "White Stocking Regiment." Amongst them were "some middle-aged gentlemen of different professions"; but Mr. Ridley was their only officer. They were mustered in imposing force on the 10th, and their commander gave notice to the multitude that the corn factors had set a price on their grain, and had declared that every one that applied should have it at the fixed price. The factors also made proclamation by the bellman that they would sell at the following prices, viz.:—Wheat at 7s., rye at 5s., oats at 2s. 6d., and meslin, or maselgem, a mixture of wheat and rye, at 5s. 6d., per boll. This information was received with satisfaction and applause, and the people

once more went quietly to their homes. But the Mayor, Mr. Outhbert Fenwick, imprudently ordered the volunteers to forbear assembling; and the corn-factors, regardless of their promise, kept their shops shut up, most of them having absconded through fear. The pitmen, keelmen, and poor of the town, finding that it was no use to make application for corn at the reduced price, determined they would have it, reason or none, by main force. And so they made up their minds to break open and rob the granaries.

As long as the volunteers were suffered to act, nothing material happened. The mob, though gloomily threatening on four successive days, from the 21st to the 24th of June inclusive, proceeded to no absolute violence. They only stopped a vessel which was discovered surreptitiously going off down the river with rye, and had some of the grain on board sold to the poor at the stipulated price. But on the 25th, the militia, as the volunteer force was called, were disbanded, and the mob, no longer awed by their presence, grew every hour more and more unruly. In the forenoon of the following day the people assembled in immense numbers on the Sandhill, then the marketplace of Newcastle, while the Mayor and several aldermen met at the Guildhall to consider what was best to be done in so pressing an extremity. One of the volunteers ventured out to inform the multitude that it had been agreed that the poor should be supplied with rye out of a ship lying at the quay. The reception he got, however, was most barbarous, for he was knocked down and wounded. Upon this the rioters, "with more justice than prudence," as Brand says, were fired upon by the volunteers, who had hastened to the spot to protect the magistrates. One of the people outside having been killed and several dangerously wounded by the unlucky shot, the crowd instantly fell upon the gentlemen assembled in the hall, and proceeded to outrages that threatened the destruction of the whole town. They ransacked the town-courts and chamber; they spoiled and tore down every part of the wood-work; and they destroyed all the paintings, except only the faces of two portraits of Charles II. and James II., which by some chance escaped. They broke into the town's hutch, which served as the town's treasury, and plundered it of nearly £1,200 (some authorities say £1,800), besides destroying several royal charters, the guild records from Christmas, 1721, to Michaelmas, 1738, and other books, parchments, papers, and writings, the loss of which was irreparable. After this wanton havoc, they patrolled the streets, and, finding all the shops shut up, threatened to burn the town.

There happened to be no military stationed in Newcastle at that critical juncture. So an express was sent off to Alnwick, travelling post-haste; and, in the evening, three companies of Howard's regiment, under the command of Captain Marmaduke Sowle, marched into the

town, and soon dispersed the rioters, forty of whom were seized and committed to prison. At the ensuing assizes, seven of the prisoners were sentenced to transportation each for seven years, and were duly sent off to the plantations in America.

This dreadful affray is said to have cost the Corporation of Newcastle upwards of £4,000, besides the loss of their original charters and other things. Those who withheld any of the documents that had been carried off were threatened with prosecution, and a generous gratuity was offered for such information as might lead to their recovery; but nothing, we believe, of the slightest value was ever brought back.

A few weeks after the riot, the mayor, aldermen, and common council of Newcastle voted the freedom of the Corporation to be presented to Captain Sowle, in a gold box, value fifty guineas, as a compliment for his so seasonably entering the town on the 26th of June and putting a stop to the outrages. They likewise ordered a plate value forty guineas to be presented to Captain Fielding; one of thirty guineas to Ensign Hewitt; and ten guineas to each of the three companies.

William Gill Thompson.

MR. WILLIAM LYALL, the courteous librarian of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle, is the fortunate owner of a very interesting volume relating to William Gill Thompson, one of the minor poets of Tyneside. The book has been most carefully collated and annotated by Thompson's friend, Mr. George H. Gilchrist, and the title page (a beautiful specimen of calligraphy) is executed by Mr. Gilchrist's own pen. Facing the title is a portrait of the poet, in water colours, by H. P. Parker, which is considered a striking likeness. Our own sketch is taken from it.

William Gill Thompson was born in Newcastle, and, his parents being poor, he received but a scanty education. He served his apprenticeship with William Andrew Mitchell, of the *Tyne Mercury*, as a compositor, and, while a very young man, taught himself shorthand—a system of his own, it is said. He joined the staff of the *Newcastle Chronicle* as a reporter in 1824, and his general abilities, together with his pleasant, unassuming manners, gained him the good-will of his employers, the Messrs. Hodgson, then the proprietors of the paper, as well as his coadjutors in the office. His friend Gilchrist thus describes his personal appearance:—"He was rather under the middle height, and neither slender nor stout, had a round face, without much colour, and marked with the small-pox, small, grey eyes, forehead very capacious and bald. His habitual expression was that of mildness, and his deportment modest and retiring. He was often gloomy and desponding, from constitutional causes; and

although Thompson was not dissatisfied with the world as it is, yet the manifest evils which pressed hard upon his sensitive mind—a mind too noble and independent for his station of life—rendered his existence a bitter one; and he often, I fear, sought relief in enjoyments which brought sorrow only with the temporary pleasure."

It is to be feared that this method of finding relief from his frequent fits of gloom and depression was the cause of poor Thompson's downfall and tragical end. "As the wine flowed," says Mr. Gilchrist, "he grew eloquent, and his imagination glowed with poetical images. But, alas! his morbid moments followed, and he was now the most gloomy and desponding of men." His indulgent employers appreciated his great talents, and pardoned his shortcomings. But a newspaper must be published, and its readers naturally look for reports of matters of public interest. Poor Thompson was sent to report the pro-



ceedings at a public dinner on the 19th of October, 1844; but he indulged too freely at the banquet, and was unable to supply his "copy" for the paper, which was published on the following morning. This even the brothers Hodgson could not overlook, and they discharged their favourite reporter, although much attached to him, and conscious of his value. Stricken with shame and remorse, the poor, weak, sensitive poet committed suicide in a closet at the Literary and Philosophical Society on the 21st October, 1844, and his body lay there undiscovered until the 28th.

Thompson's more ambitious efforts, such as the "Coral Wreath," "Tribute to the Memory of James Losh," "Erminia," &c., are marked by an easy, graceful flow of language, and natural, pleasing imagery. He was well-read in the poets of his time—Scott, Byron, Shelley, and Kirke White—and he seems to have made "unhappy White" the model for his smaller pieces. One of the most pathetic and beautiful poems in Mr. Lyall's collec-

tion—but too long to quote here—is the “Deserted Infant.” Of this, Mr. Gilchrist says:—“It is impossible not to feel emotion while reading it. There is some improbability, perhaps, in the story of a mother leaving her infant in the way described, but this takes nothing away from the merit of the poetry.”

In 1822, Mr. Thompson published the first of a series of seven “Fishers’ Garlands.” To this song his friend Gilchrist appends the following note:—“I am not sure but the ‘Fishers’ Garland’ was the offspring of jealousy—perhaps emulation would be the juster word—and written to vie with similar ‘Garlands’ by the Coquetside men, Doubleday and Roxby. W. A. Mitchell, W. Garret, and the poet Thompson were the Tynesiders, and were, I think, facetiously called the ‘groundlings’ or ‘minnow fishers,’ whilst the Coquetsiders fancied themselves a superior class, pursuing nobler game, in a much sweeter place, and could sing a note higher.” From the “Garland,” which bears the title of “Tyneside,” we extract a single verse:—

The fisher may smile by his far-away stream,
As he marks his faint victim’s last quiver;
He may smile in contempt at the bard and his theme,
But still thou art dear, “shining river”;
And gay are the tenants that people thy flood,
And elate are the bosoms that catch them.
Oh! the hearts and the scenes where those light hearts
have stood,
Ye may walk the wide world ere ye match them!
Then hey for the fisher, the creel, and the gad,
And hey for the scenes of his pleasure;
On Tyne’s smiling sides, with a heart light and glad,
How he waves up the glittering treasure!

Under the title of “Sketches in Prose,” Thompson published, in 1829, a selection of stories, most of which had appeared in magazines or Christmas annuals. They all seem to have a sad and melancholy termination, and to be marked by the author’s gloomy disposition.

Poor Gill Thompson was nobody’s enemy but his own. There must have been much good in the man who was able to attract so many firm friends—friends who in his lifetime rallied round him, presented him with his bust by R. S. Scott and a silver snuff-box, and when he was dead raised a subscription for his family. Few but must feel regret for his untimely fate, and pity for his want of fortitude.

W. W. W.

The Titmouse Family.



F the interesting family of the *Parada*, or Tits, we have seven British species, of which at least five are residents in the two Northern Counties, and are more or less common, namely, the Blue Titmouse (*Parus caeruleus*); the Great Titmouse (*P. major*); the Cole Titmouse (*P. ater*); the Marsh Titmouse (*P. palustris*); and the Long-tailed Titmouse (*P. caudatus*).

The Blue Titmouse is a permanent resident in Durham

and Northumberland. It is, says Mr. Hancock, “the most abundant of the genus, and, like the great titmouse, it seeks the haunts of man in the winter season when pressed by severe weather.” The bird is found in woods, thickets, hedges, and in gardens and orchards, where



it frequently nests in decayed trees. As it flits among the branches of the trees, its blue cap and sulphur and green and black plumage is conspicuous. If not seen, its sharp notes can often be heard, sounding like the syllables “chicka, chicka, chee, chee.” It is a most pugnacious little fellow, and he will often tackle and put to flight a bird twice its own size. Even the robin, bold and fierce as it is, has to make way for the pert little tit when food is in question during the stormy days of winter. Among its familiar names are the following:—Blue tit, blue bonnet, nun, tomtit, blue mope, billy biter, hickmall, and blue buffer.

The birds are quick and active in their movements, and may often be seen hanging head downwards from the branches of trees, like acrobats, all the while busily searching for insect food. In the spring they are mostly seen in pairs, in the summer in family parties, and in the autumn occasionally in small flocks, while in severe winter weather they frequent farmyards and the neighbourhood of houses with other small birds. The blue tit sometimes builds in curious situations. A nest has even been found built within the jaws of a skeleton of a man who had been executed and gibbeted for murder.

The male bird is under half an ounce in weight, and four inches and a half in length. The plumage is bluish-green on the back, and blue on the head, wings, and tail, while the under part is yellow; a white line passes from the brow to the nape, and a narrow bluish-black line divides the white cheeks from the dark head; the throat is encircled by a blue band; the quills are slate black, the

hinder ones sky-blue on the outer web, and white at the tip; the tail feathers are greyish blue. The female resembles the male, but is a little smaller, and her plumage is not so bright.

The Great Titmouse (*Parus major*) is the largest of all the *Paridae* family. It is a resident, and generally common. "In winter," as Mr. Hancock tells us, "it frequents the habitations of man along with the robin and other birds." It has a variety of common names, some of which seem to be derived from its notes and its plumage—such as blackcap, oxeye, sit-ye-down, &c. The name sit-ye-down has reference, Mr. Morris surmises, to its note bearing a supposed resemblance to these words; this is so loud that it may be heard at the distance of half a mile. The note has also been compared to the sound produced by the sharpening of a saw, and in some districts the great tit is occasionally called the saw-sharpener.

The bird is most frequently found in woods and thickets, near to gardens and cultivated lands. It is very active in its movements while in search of food on trees or old walls, and it is very often to be seen clinging to the



branches head downwards, and performing other acrobatic feats. Mr. Hewitson, a most painstaking observer, remarks that the titmice are perfect mountebanks, and that in their gambols and antics it makes no difference to them whether their heads or their tails are uppermost.

The male bird is six and a quarter inches in length; bill, black; the upper part has a broad festoon on the edge—a characteristic of all the titmice; iris, dusky brown; head, black on the crown, white on the sides, sometimes tipped with yellow; neck, bluish black in front, and banded on the sides with the same, and behind the white patch. The nape has a few white feathers on it, making a spot; chin black, united to the black on the nape; throat black; breast yellow, tinged with green, divided all down the middle by a broad black line; back

olive green, bluish-grey below. The wings expand to the width of ten inches, and extend to one-third of the length of the tail; undermost they are bluish-grey; greater wing coverts bluish-black, edged with olive green, and tipped with white, forming a bar across the wings.

The Cole Tit (*Parus ater*) resembles in its habits the birds just described. The male weighs about two drachms and a quarter; length four inches and a quarter; bill, blackish or dark horn-colour, lighter at the edges and tip; iris, dusky; head, white on the sides, black glossed with blue on the crown; neck, white on the sides, black near the wing, with an oblong patch of white; chin and throat, black; breast, dull white in the middle above, below and on the sides light buff, with a tinge of green;



back, bluish-grey above, varying to brownish-buff; the feathers are singularly long, as is the case with most of the other titmice. The wings, which are grey underneath, expand to a width of rather over seven inches; greater and lesser wing coverts bluish grey, the feathers tipped with white, forming two bars across the wing; primaries, brownish grey, edged with greenish grey on the outside, and on the inside with whitish grey. The tail, which is slightly forked at the tip, is brownish grey, and extends a little beyond the wings, the feathers margined with greenish; underneath grey, with white shafts; upper and under tail coverts, greenish buff; legs, toes, and claws, very deep lead-colour. The female closely resembles the male.

The Marsh Tit (*Parus palustris*), as its name imports, is most plentifully found in marsh places where reeds and scrubby underwood prevail. Like its congeners, it has a variety of common names, such as black-cap, smaller ox-eye, willow-biter, and Joe Bent. The birds prefer low trees and brushwood generally to hedgerows and woods. "They dwell together," says Martin, "in considerable numbers, and are perpetually in motion,

going in and out of their nests, feeding their young, flying off in search of food, or seeking for it in the crevices of the neighbouring trees. It is truly gratifying to witness their sprightly gambols, and the entertaining positions into which, as it were, in the very exuberance of spirit, they are continually throwing themselves." They are believed to pair for life, and, in the nesting season especially, the male may often be



seen feeding his mate, while the latter flutters its wings like a young bird. The male weighs less than three drachms; length, four inches and a half; bill black; iris, dark brown; head on the sides, greyish white, on the crown black, slightly tinged with brown; neck, the same behind, greyish white on the sides, and greyish black in front, the feathers tipped with greyish white; chin, as the crown; throat the same as the front of the neck; breast, brownish white, with a tinge of yellow; back, greyish brown tinged with green; greater and lesser wing coverts as the back; primaries, dark brownish grey, margined with yellowish grey; secondaries the same, but margined with yellowish brown; tertiaries, the same; larger and lesser under wing coverts, brownish white; tail as the primaries, the outer feathers having the outer web paler; underneath brownish white; upper tail coverts as the back; legs, toes, and claws, bluish black. The female only differs from her mate in being more dull in colour, especially in the black parts, which have a brownish tinge.

The Long-tailed Tit (*Parus caudatus*) is not the least interesting of the tit family. It has quite a catalogue of common names, such as pie, mag, muffin, bottle-tit, long Tom, long pod, mum ruffin, poke pudding, feather poke, &c. In the hedges on each side of the West Turnpike, near Newcastle, parties of long-tailed tits may occasionally be seen in autumn, almost invariably flying south. In its habits the long-tailed tit resembles the rest of the family, but is even more active and restless, if possible,

from the first peep of dawn till sunset. "Constantly in motion," says Meyer, "from tree to tree, and flying in a straight line with much rapidity, they remind the spectator of the pictured representation of a flight of arrows."

"The nest of this little bird," observes Morris, "is a hollow ball, generally nearly oval, with only one orifice; some have said two, to account for the location of the tail, which is said to project through one of them." Mr. Hewitson describes one that he saw which had two openings, leaving the top of the nest like the handle of a basket. Mr. Hancock, however, remarks:—"I have seen nothing to lead to a suspicion that there is more than one entrance to the nest of the long-tailed tit, and I have seen a great number of those nests, and have six or eight in my collection; but I have an example, which I took myself, and which might induce a careless observer to assume that this nest had no orifice at all. The specimen alluded to has a valvular flap or lid, which falls over and completely closes the entrance. The bird must have raised this lid every time it entered and left the nest; indeed, I discovered the entrance by the bird doing so and passing out when I was searching for the hole. The long-tailed titmouse erects its tail in the same manner



as most of the *Passeres* do, and of necessity must do, when sitting on their eggs."

The male, which is five and a half inches long, including the long tail, weighs only two drachms. The short beak, a mere speck, is glossy black, and almost hidden by the feathers. The upper part of the head and throat are light grey dappled with black, and a well-defined black band runs from the eye and merges in a long black patch at the back of the neck. The back is of a reddish tinge, flecked with black. The greater wing coverts are

blackish-brown, the lesser wing coverts tipped with white, the under part shaded bluish grey. The tail, which is three inches long, consists of eleven feathers, which are black, the outside webs being tipped with white. The female resembles the male in plumage, but the black streak over the eye is wider.

Sir William Jardine describes a form of the long-tailed tit which had the crown and underparts white, but all the rest of the plumage black, tinged only on the scapulars with rose-red; Montague describes others as black on the whole of the upper parts of the neck, and with an obscure dusky band across the breast; and Bewick mentions one in which the black band through the eyes was wholly wanting, the back of the neck black, and the sides reddish brown, mixed with white.

The Mayor and Sheriff of Newcastle.

THE MAYOR.

MR. THOMAS BELL, the Mayor of Newcastle, is the senior partner in the firm of Pyman, Bell, and Co., of Newcastle and Hull, carrying on an extensive business as merchants and steamship owners. Mr. Bell commenced



Mr Thomas Bell.

business in Newcastle in 1864, having come from West Hartlepool to open a branch for the firm of George

Pyman and Co., with whom he had been connected for some years. The Mayor, who is a native of Yorkshire, is 47 years of age. He was first returned to the Newcastle Council as a representative of East All Saints' Ward, on the 21st of June, 1878; and, on the reconstruction of the wards, he became representative of All Saints' North. Mr. Bell, with great acceptance, occupied the office of Sheriff during the municipal year 1885-86. One of the most interesting functions his worship has performed since his elevation to the chief magistracy was that of opening Uncle Toby's annual Exhibition of Toys on December 20, 1889. Our portrait is from a photograph by Mr. James Bacon, Northumberland Street, Newcastle

THE SHERIFF.

Mr. Edward Culley, the Sheriff of Newcastle, is a native of Norwich, being the youngest son of the late Richard Culley, merchant, of that city. Mr. Edward Culley came to Newcastle about forty years ago, and ever since, at first in partnership with his brother,



Mr Edward Culley.

Mr. Samuel Culley, and afterwards by himself, he has been engaged in business as a corn merchant. Mr. Culley was first returned to the Newcastle Council, as one of the representatives of Elswick Ward, on March 19, 1879, and, on the redistribution of seats, he was constituted one of the members for Elswick North Ward. The portrait of the Sheriff is also from a photograph by Mr. Bacon.

Notes and Commentaries.

THE SKIDDAW HERMIT.

This eccentric individual, whose portrait appears on page 43 of the present volume, has been long since dead. A letter published in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, written by Mr. D. M. Cullock, of the Banffshire Lunatic Asylum, explains that the poor fellow died in that institution from inflammation of the brain on September 23, 1876.

EDITOR.

A WEARDALE KNITTING STICK.

There must be admitted into our North-Country lore and legend the old knitting stick, or sheath, around which has been woven many a tale of love in the dales of the North of England. It has been for centuries, no doubt, a common practice in these dales for young men to shape and ornament, with their pocket knives, knitting sticks intended for presents to their sweethearts or female friends; hence it was a labour of love, and occupied untold numbers of leisure hours. To make the stick as beautiful as possible, so that it would please the receiver, was the aim of the plodding and painstaking carver, who followed no special pattern, but by practised hands cut out ornamentations strikingly like those found on bows, quivers, spears, knives, axes, clubs, and other implements, and the handiwork of the natives of foreign countries. The accompanying sketch of a Weardale knitting stick represents a good specimen which I picked up some years ago. The four sides are all ornamented. On one there is a fish, on another a heart and shield, and the letters R. L., undoubtedly the initials of the giver or receiver, occupy the side opposite to that shown in the illustration.

W. M. EGGLESTONE, Stanhope.

RICHARD GRAINGER.

From our school register for 1806-9, I can correct or supplement the statement in the *Monthly Chronicle* about the connection of Richard Grainger with St. Andrew's School, Newcastle. He entered it in 1806, when his name appears thirtieth on the roll as "Richard Grainger, son of Thomas Grainger, porter." It stands eighteenth in 1807, and eighth in 1808, with no variation, except that his age (9) is given in the first year, and that in each the words "not free" are written against it. This implies



that he was not a free scholar, and as there is no addition "dead" in the columns of parents' names, his father was probably living in 1808. Richard Grainger left in 1809, when he was ten or eleven, and not in his fourteenth year, as the article in the *Monthly Chronicle* states. In the disbursements for 1809 there is the entry, "Paid Richard Grainger's apprentice fee, bound to Jno. Brown, £2 0 0." Of course, the forty shillings did not form part of Grainger's worldly fortune, as the article states. It was, no doubt, received by his master.

J. MOORE LISTER, Vicar of St. Andrew's.

JOHN BIRD, MATHEMATICIAN.

John Bird, a celebrated mathematical instrument maker in the last century, died March 31st, 1776, aged sixty-seven. He was brought up as a cloth-weaver in the county of Durham. What first led his thoughts to the art in which he afterwards so much excelled was his accidentally observing, in a clockmaker's shop, the coarse and irregular divisions of the minutes and seconds on a clock dial plate. He went to London in the year 1740, and began his career by dividing astronomical instruments both for Graham and Sisson, and afterwards carried on business in the Strand. His celebrated Greenwich quadrant was mounted February 16th, 1750. Another instrument was erected in the Oxford Observatory. His last work was the mural quadrant for the Ecole Militaire at Paris, with which D'Agelet and the two La Landes determined the declinations of 50,000 stars. In 1767, he received £500 from the Board of Longitude, on condition that he should take an apprentice, instruct other persons as required, and furnish, upon oath, descriptions and plates of his methods.

J. EPHGRAVE, Grangetown.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

POTTED HEED.

Two Ryhope men took a trip to Sunderland a few years ago, to see the monument to the late Mr. Candlish, M.P., which is placed on a pedestal of Shap granite. As they were returning, they were asked their opinion about the monument and what it was like. One of them said, "Wey, man, they've put poor Candlish on a block of potted heed!"

FLOATING PROPERTY.

Fifteen or twenty years ago, when there was a rush of prosperity in steam shipping property, a Northumbrian farmer was induced by some friends to invest a few hundreds in a North Shields Shipping Company. For a short time he shared in the large dividends that were then paid; but depression came, and for some months he heard nothing about his dividends. Having occasion to visit North Shields on business, he thought he would call at

the company's office and inquire about the money he made sure would be due to him. On entering the office, he mentioned his object, when he was informed that circulars had been sent out making a call upon him on account of his share in the steamers. When he reached home, he ordered his eldest son to get him his gun and ammunition—at the same time telling him of his loss. The son, after objecting to trust his irate father with so dangerous a weapon, at length yielded to the parental command, and the farmer, with the gun, &c., in his hands, deliberately proceeded upstairs to a back window which overlooked the duck pond. The son followed, apprehensive of some dreadful rashness on his father's part, which was intensified on hearing the report of the gun. Rushing into the room, he was amazed to find his father deliberately blazing away at the ducks in the pond, crying out at the same time, "Ne mair floatin' property for me! ne mair floatin' property for me!"

"QUACK!"

A local worthy, who was very desirous to have either a goose or a duck for his family's Christmas dinner, but was not provided with the wherewithal to buy either, rather than be disappointed repaired to a neighbouring farm in the early hours of the morning, and, effecting an entrance into one of the outhouses, secured a fine duck. He was hurrying away with the same through the yard gate, when the duck gave vent to its feelings with a "Quack, quack, quack!" Instantly the marauder, addressing his prize, said: "Had yor gob, ye fyul; ye needn't wouk—aa'll carry ye!"

A TYNESIDER'S FRENCH.

Two Newcastle youths were speaking about another young man, who was known to them only by repute, when one of them observed:—"Aa've hard it said that he can taak French just like English!" "Wey," returned his companion, "that's the way aa taak't it when aa wes at the Paris Exhibition, and nobody knaa'd what aa said!"

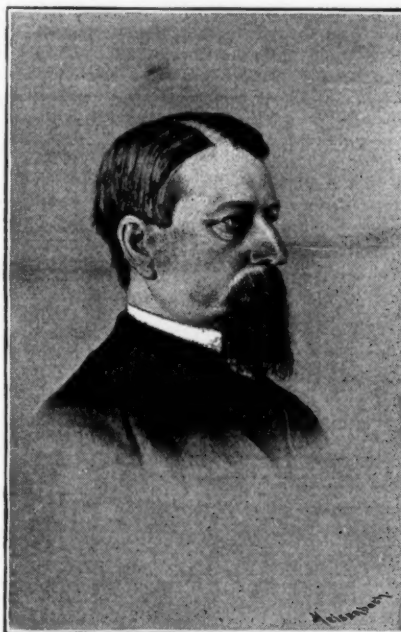
North-Country Obituaries.

The Rev. T. Broadbent, superintendent minister of the Shotley Bridge and Consett Wesleyan Circuit, died at Consett, on the 11th of December, 1889. The deceased had, for a number of years, acted as a missionary in the West Indies.

On the 11th December, the funeral took place at Preston Cemetery, North Shields, of Mr. Thomas Haswell, who had died a few days previously, and who for nearly half a century was head-master of the Royal Jubilee Schools in that town.

On the 12th of December, the death was announced of the Rev. Edward Bradley, vicar of Lenton, Grantham, who, as author of "Verdant Green," and other literary works, was better known under the pseudonym of Cuth-

bert Bede. Mr. Bradley, who was born in 1827, was an alumnus and graduate of Durham University, and to this



"CUTHBERT BEDE."

fact appears to have been attributable the adoption of his *nom de plume*. The portrait of Mr. Bradley is copied from a photograph by Messrs. Hill and Saunders, Cambridge.



MR. BRACEY R. WILSON.

On the 14th of December, Mr. Bracey Robert Wilson, who contributed to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, over the signature of Robinson Crusoe, a series of interesting "Recollections of Sunderland Fifty Years Ago," died at Stonehaven, Scotland, at the age of 70. Mr. Wilson, who was formerly British Vice-Consul at Callao, had been for some years totally blind.

Mr. Christian Bruce Reid, of the Leazes Brewery, son of the late Mr. Christian Ker Reid, who founded the well-known goldsmith's business in Newcastle, died at his residence in that city, on the 16th of December, aged 85. The deceased was a Knight of Leopold, one of the oldest Freemen of the town, and one of the founders of Jesmond Church.

On the 17th of December, Mr. Joseph Spence, alderman of North Shields, died at Tynemouth in his 70th year. The deceased gentleman was a borough magistrate, a member of the Tynemouth Board of Guar-

dians, and had been Mayor of the borough of Tynemouth. He was one of the first members of the Tynemouth School Board, in connection with which he continued till the beginning of 1889. He was also for some time a member of the River Tyne Commission. At the last general election he was a candidate for the representation of Tynemouth in the House of Commons, but was defeated by Mr. R. S. Donkin. At the time of the Hartley Colliery explosion, Mr. Spence did good service in assisting to assuage the sorrows of the suffering. In conjunction with his



Alderman Joseph Spence.

brother, Mr. Alderman J. F. Spence, he was one of the founders of the Tynemouth Volunteer Life-Brigade, and he continued a member of the brigade until the time of his death. Mr. Spence took an active part in every philanthropic movement in connection with the borough of Tynemouth.

On the 18th of December, Mr. John Watson, postmaster of Easington, died there after a brief illness, at the age of 80 years.

Saturday, the 21st of December, was a melancholy day, in the death of several men more or less prominently connected with the North of England. A profound sensation of sorrow was aroused by the announcement of the death which had taken place that afternoon at Bournemouth of the Right Rev. Joseph Barber Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham. (See page 81.)

On the same day died Mr. John Slack, an old and well-known bookseller in the city of Durham. He was a member of the Durham School Board, of the Board of Guardians, of the Framwellgate Moor School Board, and of the Durham Town Council. Mr. Slack was a native of Arkengarthdale, in the North Riding, and was 51 years of age.

Another death which took place on the same date was that of Mr. Edward Fletcher, of Osborne Avenue, Newcastle, who for many years had occupied the position of

locomotive superintendent in the works of the North-Eastern Railway Company at Gateshead. He had served his time at Messrs. Stephenson and Co.'s engineering establishment in Newcastle, and he was one of those employed in the construction of the "Rocket" engine, which in 1829 won the prize of 500 guineas in the famous competition at Liverpool. (See vol. iii., page 265.) Mr. Fletcher, who had entered upon his 83rd year, was a native of Netherwitton, Northumberland.

Mr. William Sheridan, who for the past forty years had filled the office of harbour master at Seaham Harbour, died there on the 21st of December, at the age of 74 years.

On the same day, at Hartlepool, and in the 35th year of his age, died Mr. E. Bailey Bourne, editor of the *Northern Evening Mail*.

Also, on the 21st of December, died, at the age of 70, Mr. Joseph Lee, of Haltwhistle, a well-known farmer, who, on the 17th, was overthrown by a bullock and severely injured in the Christmas Cattle Market at Newcastle.

The death took place on the 22nd of December, after a protracted illness, of Mr. George Wascoe, an alderman of the borough of Tynemouth. A somewhat remarkable incident in his life was that, in 1815, when he was employed in driving the stage coach between Shields and Newcastle, he was the first person to carry the news of the battle of Waterloo to the harbour borough. The deceased had attained the ripe age of 88 years.

On the 23rd of December, Mr. David Holgrove, an old Sunderland worthy, died at his residence in that town, in his 91st year.

On Christmas Day, the Rev. Thomas Rudd, M.A., Rector of Hetton-le-Hole, died at the Rectory, aged 51. He graduated at London in 1869, and at Durham in 1884. He became Rector of Hetton-le-Hole in 1877, previous to which he was curate at St. Hilda's, South Shields, and afterwards at the Abbey Church, Hexham.

The Rev. George Strong, M.A., pastor of the Newport Road Presbyterian Church, Middlesbrough, died on the 27th of December, at the age of 35 years.

The funeral took place, on the 27th of December, at St. Asaph, North Wales, of Mr. James Young, a native of Durham, and formerly deputy-governor of Durham Gaol.

Mr. C. J. T. Poole, postmaster of Witton Park, was accidentally killed on the railway near that place, on the 28th of December.

On the same day, the Rev. James Hicks, formerly vicar of Fiddle-Trenthide, Dorset, died at Alnwick, in the 80th year of his age.

On the 1st of January, 1890, the Rev. J. Elphinstone Elliot Bates, who from 1845 till 1880 was Rector of Whalton, died at his residence, Milbourne Hall, near Ponteland.

Joseph Sadler, ex-champion sculler of the world, died in Richmond Hospital on New Year's Day.

On the 4th of January, the remains of Mrs. Ann Lanchester, who had died at Bildershaw, near West Auckland, on the 31st of December, 1889, at the age of 107 years, were interred by the side of her husband, in Manfield churchyard. The old lady, whose husband died forty years ago, had been only four days in bed before her death. Mrs. Lanchester was born at Gallow Hill, Yorkshire, on May 29th, "Oak Apple Day," 1783. Her eldest surviving "child" is 80 years of age, and she had a great-grandson of twenty-five. She could see without

glasses, her "second sight" having come to her about eighteen years back. During the late harvest, she



MRS. ANN LANCHESTER, AGED 107 YEARS.

actually took part in the gleaning. She could not "abide doctors," and had travelled by train only three times in her life.

Mr. John George Donkin, eldest son of the late Dr. A. S. Donkin, of Newcastle, and grandson of the late Mr. Samuel Donkin, the celebrated North-Country auctioneer, came to a painful and melancholy end at Alnwick on the 4th of January. The deceased, who was a man of talent, was educated for the medical profession; but, being of a roving disposition, he could not be advised to settle down to work. Many years ago he went out to Spain, and saw a considerable amount of service in the Carlist war. Returning to England, he was not long in leaving the old country for Manitoba. Joining the North-West Mounted Police Force, he frequently contributed accounts of his experiences to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. When he returned home a few months ago, he wrote an interesting volume entitled "Trooper and Redskin in the Far North-West." The deceased was 37 years of age.

On the 4th of January, Mr. John George Wild, chief viewer of the East Hedleyhope Collieries, near Tow Law, died at that place.

Dr. Arthur Wood, of Kirbymoorside, who for the past thirteen years had been coroner for North Yorkshire, died on the 5th of January, at the age of 75 years.

Mr. J. F. Leather, of Middleton Hall, Northumberland, died there on the 7th of January. The deceased gentleman was a magistrate for the county, and succeeded to the Middleton estate on the death of his father, Mr. J. Towlerton Leather, in 1885. In 1886, Mr. Leather personally superintended the placing of a peal of three bells in Belford Church, which were dedicated to the memory of his late father.

On the 7th of January, the interment took place at Arno's Vale Cemetery, Bristol, of Mr. William Mack, who had died at Limpley Stoke, near Bath. The deceased was formerly a reporter on the *Newcastle Guardian*,

but left the North of England about forty years ago, entering upon business as a bookseller and publisher at Bristol. Mr. Mack was the originator and first publisher of the "Birthday Scripture Text Book."

On the 5th of January, Mr. T. M. Richardson, eldest son of the late Mr. T. M. Richardson ("Old T. M."), whose ability as a painter is familiar to all Novocastrians and to many lovers of art throughout the country, died at his residence, Porchester Terrace, Hyde Park, London. The younger Richardson, who was also well known as an artist, was closely approaching 80 years of age. He was a native of Newcastle, but had resided for a great number of years in London.

The death of Mr. Thomas Watson, many years chief manager of the Upper Teesdale mines at Langdon Beck, and a recognised authority on mining enterprise, was announced on the 9th of January. The deceased was a member of an old Wesleyan family in Weardale.

On the 8th of January, Mr. John Heskett, who for many years occupied a leading position among agriculturists in the North of England, died at Plumpton Hall, Penrith, at the age of 40 years.

Mr. John Hetherington, for many years master of the National Schools at Seaham Harbour, but afterwards a successful shipowner, also died on the 8th of January. Mr. Hetherington was about 74 years of age.

On the 9th of January, Mr. J. G. Brown, assistant surveyor under the Sunderland Corporation, died at his residence, in Peel Street, Bishopwearmouth. The deceased, who had been for many months incapacitated from following his occupation, owing to a painful malady, was a man of cultured tastes and literary ability, many of his contributions appearing regularly in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*.



MR. J. G. BROWN.

He was best known for his biographies of local characters and descriptions of well-known North-Country scenes. Mr. Brown was born in Newcastle, but had been a resident in the neighbouring borough of

Sunderland for nearly forty years.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

DECEMBER, 1889.

11.—It was announced that the authorities of Durham University had resolved to establish a Chair of Agriculture in Newcastle College of Science.

—Foundation stones were laid of Salvation Army Barracks in Bath Lane, Newcastle, "General" Booth, the head of the organisation, conducting the proceedings.

12.—The sale of the Marquis of Londonderry's fat stock at Wynyard realised £4,293.

13.—Some sensation was caused by the discovery of a woman's hand on board the barque Picton Castle, at Middlesbrough, but on further investigation it was concluded that the incident was devoid of any criminal association.

15.—St. Aidan's Church, Elswick, Newcastle, was opened by Bishop Wilberforce.

—Under the auspices of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society, Dr. Andrew Wilson lectured on "How and Why we Eat our Dinner."

16.—The Rev. John McNeill, of Regent Square Presbyterian Church, London, and generally known as the "Scottish Spurgeon," preached in the Victoria Hall, Sunderland, and on the following evening in the Town Hall, Newcastle.

—A meeting in Mill Lane Board School, Newcastle, under the auspices of the Sunday Music League, decided in favour of Sunday band performances in the public parks and recreation grounds.

—The Earl of Durham's fat stock sale at Bowes House, near Fence Houses, produced £4,947 9s.

17.—Colonel H. S. Olcott, president of the Theosophical Society, lectured in Bath Lane Hall, Newcastle, on "Theosophy."

—At a meeting of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries, Dr. Bruce read an interesting paper as to the results of some recent archaeological discoveries on the estate of Mr. John Clayton, at the Chesters (Cilurnum), among the objects found having been a quantity of millstones, spearheads, and iron daggers.

19.—The Rev. John W. Oman, M.A., was ordained and inducted as colleague and successor to the Rev. W. Limont in the pastorate of Clayport Presbyterian Church, Alnwick.

—From the publication of the shipbuilding returns, it appeared that the Tyne, standing second to the Clyde, had produced 231,710 tons, or an increase of 68,000 tons over 1888. The Wear was third on the list, with 217,336 tons, or an increase of 74,000 tons.

20.—The annual general meeting of the Newcastle Art Union was held in the Bewick Club Rooms, Pilgrim Street, in that city. The report showed that the total amount subscribed had been £222, as against £181 in the previous year.

—Sir C. M. Palmer, M.P., presided at the annual dinner of the North of England Commercial Travellers' Association, in the Assembly Rooms, Barras Bridge, Newcastle. He advocated the establishment of a high court, with working men and employers as assessors, for the settlement of labour disputes.

—The second Exhibition of Toys contributed and collected by the members of the Dicky Bird Society, conducted by Uncle Toby in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, for distribution among poor and sick children, was opened in the Academy of Arts, Blackett Street, Newcastle. The total number of articles received was 13,500, or nearly double the quantity of last year. Mr. Davison again kindly granted the use of his rooms free of charge for the exhibition, and the shelves on which the toys were displayed extended over a length of 1,250 feet, or nearly a quarter of a mile. The inaugural address was given by the Mayor of Newcastle (Mr. Thomas Bell), and speeches were also delivered by his Honour Judge Seymour, Q.C., LL.D. (first honorary captain of the

Dicky Bird Society), the Mayor of Gateshead (Mr. Alderman Lucas), Mr. W. D. Stephens, Mr. Alderman Youll, the Rev. Dr. Rutherford, Colonel Coulson, and the Rev. Canon Franklin. During the two days of the exhibition, constant streams of visitors passed in and out of the place. So great was the crowd on Saturday (the second day of the show) that large numbers had to go away disappointed. Altogether it was estimated that 30,000 persons visited the exhibition. The closing addresses were delivered on the evening of Saturday, the 21st, by Mr. W. D. Stephens and Mr. Alderman Barkas. The proceedings concluded with loud cheers for Uncle Toby.

21.—The Christmas pantomime of "Bluebeard" was publicly produced for the first time in the Theatre Royal, and that of "Babes in the Wood" in the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle.

—The completion was announced of a series of mosaic decorations in the chancel of St. George's Church, Osborne Road, Newcastle, the cost having been defrayed by Mr. Charles Mitchell, of Jesmond Towers, the munificent founder of the edifice.

23.—It was announced that the Merrybent and Darlington Railway had been purchased by the North-Eastern Railway Company.

—Much damage was done by a fire which broke out at Mr. John Marshall's brass foundry, Monkwearmouth, Sunderland.

24.—An official intimation was received of the acceptance by the Northumberland miners of an advance of 10 per cent. in wages offered by the masters, with a continuance of existing working arrangements.

—Considerable sensation was created by the sudden and mysterious disappearance of Mr. James Anderson, one of the inspectors of the Tynemouth police force. His cap and walking-stick were found on the lower part of the New Quay, North Shields; and it was feared that he had been the victim of foul play.

25.—Fine and clear weather, without the slightest appearance of snow, prevailed on Christmas Day, and the holiday was observed in the customary manner.

—A miner named William Newton was shot through the eye by Michael McDermott, a companion, at Marley Hill. The injured man was removed to the Infirmary at Newcastle, where he died the same afternoon. The fire-arm was believed to have gone off accidentally, but McDermott gave himself up to the police. On being subsequently brought before the magistrates, however, he was discharged.

—At an early hour in the morning, the dead body of a woman named Elizabeth Taylor, about 50 years of age, was discovered in the back yard of a house in Hodgkin Street, Sunderland. The head was split open, and the brains were protruding, death having, in the opinion of the medical man who was summoned to the spot, been the result of considerable violence. No clue was found to the perpetrator of the outrage, and the coroner's jury eventually returned an open verdict.

26.—A summary was published of the will of Mr. Edward F. Boyd, of Moorhouse, Leamside, Durham, who died on the 31st of August, 1889, the personal estate being sworn at £42,983 2s. 7d.

27.—It was announced that within the past few days a new local institution had been opened in Newcastle in the form of a Soldiers' Home, in Ancrum Street, Spital Tongues.

—The corpse of Thomas Birkett, 65 years of age, and a pensioner of the North-Eastern Railway Company, was discovered in a single-roomed tenement at Carlisle, part of the face having been torn away and eaten by rats.

28.—The eight hours system of working was inaugurated at the Redheugh and Elswick works of the Newcastle and Gateshead Gas Company.

29.—An eloquent funeral sermon on the late Bishop of Durham was preached by Dr. Lake, Dean of Durham, in Durham Cathedral.

30.—There were 39 prisoners for trial at Durham Sessions.

—It was reported that during the removal of the walls of the old Natural History Museum, in Westgate Road, Newcastle, there had been discovered the memorial-tablet which was affixed to the foundation stone. It was made of earthenware, and contained a description of the proceedings, with a list of the officers of the society. The ceremony of laying the foundation stone was performed by the Mayor of Newcastle (Mr. John Brandling), on the 5th of August, 1833. The interesting relic was presented by Mr. C. A. Harrison, C.E., to the Natural History Society.

31.—Mr. Raylton Dixon, J.P., D.L., of Gunnergate Hall, Middlesbrough, and ex-Mayor of that town, received a communication from the Premier, the Marquis of Salisbury, informing him that her Majesty had been graciously pleased to confer the honour of knighthood upon him. Sir Raylton Dixon is a native of Newcastle, where he was born in 1838. For portrait, &c., see *Monthly Chronicle*, 1889, pp. 110-112. Mr. Joseph Hickson, manager of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, another of the gentlemen on whom the honour of knighthood was conferred at the same time, is a native of Otterburn, in the county of Northumberland.

—An abstract was published of the will of the late Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham. It stated that the library of his lordship was to be divided between the Selwyn Divinity School, Cambridge, and the library of the University of Durham. The proportion in which the distribution was to take place was left entirely in the hands of the executors, the Ven. Archdeacon Watkins, the Rev. G. R. Eden, and the Rev. J. R. Harmer. The bishop left all his public works and his MSS. to trustees for the benefit of the diocese, the profits therefrom to be used in such way as might seem best to them, the said trustees being the bishop for the time being of the diocese, the archdeacons for the time being, and others to be nominated by them, the first of these being the Rev. G. R. Eden and the Rev. J. R. Harmer.

JANUARY, 1890.

1.—The advent of the New Year was characterised by the usual demonstrations and interchange of good wishes. A feature of the watch-night services was a united meeting of members of the Jesmond Wesleyan, Presbyterian, and Baptist Churches, held in the last-named place of worship. The weather was remarkably open and mild.

—The large new wing added to the Sunderland Infirmary in memory of the late Mr. James Hartley, at one time member for the borough, was formally opened by Mr. Alderman Preston. The cost of the structure was between £14,000 and £15,000, the whole of which had been raised by voluntary subscriptions.

—Sir Horace Davey, Q.C., M.P., presided at an Eis-

teddfof singing competition in the Town Hall, Middlesbrough, in aid of the funds of the Welsh Presbyterian Church.

—The annual show under the auspices of the Newcastle Terrier and Collie Club was held in the Corn Exchange, Newcastle, 368 dogs having been entered for competition.

3.—It was announced that the old established carpet factory of Messrs. Henderson and Co., Durham, had been purchased by a newly formed carpet syndicate.

—An advance of a penny per hour in their wages was conceded to the Quayside labourers in Newcastle.

—A good deal of damage was done by a fire which broke out on the premises of Messrs. A. S. Holmes and Co., Northern Counties Supply Stores, opposite the Town Hall, High Street, Stockton.

—Through the instrumentality of Mr. Thomas Stamp Alder, about 2,000 poor children were entertained to a substantial breakfast in the Bath Lane Hall, kindly granted by Dr. Rutherford.

—A circular was issued to the officials and workmen employed at the Tyne Dock Works of the Jarrow Chemical Company, intimating that the directors had, with much regret, come to the resolution to close the works at South Shields when they had completed their existing engagements and worked up their stocks in process of manufacture.

—A miner, named Albert Hendy, 25 years of age, was committed for trial by the Houghton-le-Spring magistrates on a charge of shooting Margaret Carr with a revolver, on the 2nd of December, 1889.

—A woman named Lilly McLarence Wilson, between 25 and 30 years of age, was found dead, with her throat cut, in a house, 4, Pine Street, Newcastle; and William Row, shoemaker, with whom she cohabited there, and with whom she had recently come from Manchester, shortly afterwards gave himself into custody on the charge of having perpetrated the deed. The coroner's jury found a verdict of wilful murder against Row, who is about 40 years of age, and the magistrates committed him for trial on the same charge.

4.—The Cleveland ironmasters' returns showed the total make of pig iron in the Cleveland district for the past year to have been 2,771,000 tons, which is the largest production on record.

5.—In the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart., LL.D., Corpus Professor of Jurisprudence at Oxford, lectured on "The Conditions of Modern Warfare."

6.—At a meeting of the Tees Conservancy Commissioners, at Stockton, permission was given to the War Office authorities, through Colonel Stockley, R.E., to proceed with the erection of a battery of quick-firing guns on the South Gare Breakwater, for the defence of the Tees.

—A strike took place among the shipyard platers at Middlesbrough, but they subsequently accepted an advance of 1s. 4d. per week in their wages, and work was resumed next day.

—New Board Schools were opened in Westoe Road, South Shields. On the same day, new Board Schools were opened in Oxford Street, West Hartlepool.

—Mr. Gainford Bruce, Q.C., M.P., Chancellor of the County of Durham, commenced the sittings of the Durham Chancery Courts.

7.—It was reported that several cases of an epidemic disease, known as "Russian influenza," from the fact of

its having first appeared in Russia, had occurred in Newcastle and district. The disease subsequently spread almost all over the Northern Counties.

—Official declaration was made of the result of the triennial election of the Wallsend School Board, the poll being headed by the Rev. Girard Van Kippersluis, Roman Catholic. Of the nine members returned, only three had been connected with the old Board.

—James Thompson, aged 32, forge-roller, met with a shocking death, being accidentally crushed between the rollers at the rolling mills of Palmer & Co., Jarrow.

—Information was received which left little doubt that the steamship Blagdon, belonging to Messrs. Robert Bell & Co., Newcastle, and having a crew of 25 hands all told, had been lost on her passage between Reval and London.

8.—A new vessel, the Wild Flower, built for the petroleum trade, which was lying in the river Wear at Sunderland, took fire in consequence of a piece of red-hot iron falling into a mass of paraffin oil, which had escaped into the river. The Wild Flower, the Deronda, the Douglas, and a tug boat lying in close proximity were damaged by the flames, which covered a large part of the Wear. One of the crew of the Wild Flower, a man named John Thompson, was drowned, but two who plunged into the river succeeded in gaining the shore.

—It was discovered that a man named John Ridley, of North Road, Darlington, who had been poisoned by laudanum on the previous day, and who had been pronounced to be dead, was still alive. The coroner had actually been apprised of the death; but the man survived a few hours later.

—An advance of 5 per cent. on piece prices, and a proportionate increase on time work, took place in the wages of platers and riveters in shipyards on the Tyne and Wear.

—The brickworks of Mr. W. Hudspeth, Haltwhistle, were destroyed by fire.

—At 9:30 p.m., a beautiful, bright-coloured, and clearly defined lunar rainbow was seen at the village of Lanchester.

9.—The body of Sophia Kohen (German governess in the household of Professor Garnett, principal of the College of Physical Science, Newcastle) whose mysterious disappearance about six weeks previously caused much sensation, was found in the river Tyne near the Elswick Works. The deceased lady was a native of Stuttgart, and was 23 years of age.

10.—It was announced that there had been brought to light in the course of the excavations being carried out at Holy Island Priory, an old well, 17 feet deep, and another curious pit of an oval shape, 2 feet 6 inches in depth.

—The old inn, known as the Jolly Beggars, at Warkworth, had recently been pulled down. While it was in course of demolition, an ancient parchment, relating to a sale of property in Pilgrim Street, Newcastle, and bearing date 30th October, in the 25th year of the reign of Elizabeth, was discovered.

10.—The first installation of the public electric lighting was made in Newcastle by the Newcastle and District Electric Lighting Company. Several shops and other business establishments in Grainger Street and neighbourhood were illuminated by the new medium.

General Occurrences.

DECEMBER, 1889.

10.—Mr. John Cameron Macdonald, manager of *The Times*, died at his residence, Waddon, Croydon, aged 67.

—A panic occurred at the Opera House, Johnstown, Pennsylvania, U.S.A., by a false alarm of fire being raised. Fifteen lives were lost, while a great many persons were severely injured.

12.—The employees of the South Metropolitan Gas Company went out on strike—in all, about 2,000.

13.—Information was received of a slaughter of exiles at Yakutsk, Eastern Siberia, by Russian police and soldiers.

16.—The jury in the Cronin trial at Chicago, U.S., returned a verdict of guilty against Coughlin, Burke, and O'Sullivan, who were sentenced to imprisonment for life.

20.—A great fire occurred at Pesth, the German theatre in that city being completely destroyed.

23.—Brutal and disgraceful scenes took place at a prize fight between two pugilists named Slavin and Smith, at Bruges, Belgium.

24.—Dr. Charles Mackay, poet and journalist, died at his residence, Longridge Road, Earl's Court, London, in the 77th year of his age.

28.—The ex-Empress of Brazil died at Oporto.

29.—The steamship Ovington, belonging to the Tyne, came into collision with the steamer Queen Victoria, in the Clyde, and was sunk. Six lives were lost.

31.—A terrible fire took place at the West Ham Industrial School, London, where 26 children were suffocated.

During the latter part of this month the influenza epidemic which had been raging in Russia made its appearance in England. Many fatal cases occurred in London and various parts of the country.

JANUARY, 1890.

1.—The royal castle of Laeken, Belgium, was entirely destroyed by fire. One life was lost, and the art treasures were all consumed.

4.—A disastrous avalanche of snow fell at Sierra City, California, causing the loss of many lives.

7.—A waterspout occurred near Nanking, China, and drowned over a hundred people.

—The Dowager Empress Augusta of Germany died at Berlin, aged 79.

10.—News was published at Berlin that Lieutenant Von Gravenreuth, Major Wissmann's second in command, and two other German officers had been taken prisoners by Bwana Heri, an Arab chief who had lately been defeated by the Germans in East Africa.

—Fourteen men were drowned in a huge caisson while laying the foundations of a new bridge over the Ohio river, United States.

—Dr. John Joseph Ignatius Dollinger, historian and divine, died at Munich, aged 91.

—In reply to an ultimatum from England demanding the withdrawal of all Portuguese, military or civilians, from territories declared to be under British protection in Central Africa, the Portuguese Government signified its intention to comply with the demand.